

IT'S A KNOCKOUT!! CAPTAIN COMMANDO and the BOY SOLDIERS!

NO.
31

SEPT.



The SHIELD

PEP COMICS

10¢



[illegible]

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10¢ TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.



Joe Higgins
Room 315
60 Hudson St.
New York City

DEAR JOE:

Please enroll me as a member of the SHIELD G-MAN CLUB. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

Name _____

Address _____ Age _____

CUT ON THIS LINE

SPECIAL BULLETIN

I received a sad and mournful letter the other day. The club-member who wrote it advised me to give up my fight against injustice, because the Japs and Nazis are strong and the battle will be too hard without my super-powers. After stating this, the writer asked me two questions.

Question one, which asked when I expected to recover my super-powers, can be replied to by saying simply, "Your guess is as good as mine, fellow. Naturally, I'm doing my best to recover my father's formula, but only time can tell when, if ever, I'll succeed."

But I want to say more than that. I want to say that the recovery of my super-powers is only a minor issue, compared to this war going on right now. The loss of my super-powers is a thing of the past . . . like the bombing of Pearl Harbor and the loss of Bataan. And just as American soldiers are inspired to stronger battle by their losses, instead of being discouraged by them—my fight is going to be stronger and stronger until, along with our fighting men, I'll crash through to victory.

Question two asks, "Joe, you know my opinion, but what about yours? Do you think you can win your battles unaided by super-power?" I'll answer by telling a little story.

Dusty told me this one, and it happened one summer when he was at camp. The camp bully had been picking on one young fellow there . . . until the counselor suggested that the boys get into the ring and battle their arguments out. A date was set . . . and when it arrived, the boys stepped into the ring and started to fight.

Well, for the first ten minutes it looked as if the bully was going to win. But little by little the fight turned, until our young friend won hands down. It wasn't until then that the young fellow revealed he'd hurt his wrist that morning—so that every move he made was horribly painful.

Dusty asked the fellow, "Weren't you afraid that you weren't going to win?"

The fellow looked at Dusty, and smiled. "I knew that if I dodged the fight, or lost the fight, I'd be bullied and ordered around all day—I'd lose my freedom! I didn't stop to think whether or not I was going to win—I knew that I had to win!"

The United Nations know that they *have* to win to remain free—and every one of you members of the Shield G-Man Club can help. Wars aren't completely won on the battle-field. You're doing your part by buying war stamps with every spare dime and quarter you've got, and it's a great part indeed.

Outstanding members this issue:

Charles Murphy
Box 355

Elma, Washington

Melvin Famerce
Rt. 1, Algoma, Wisconsin

Jean Cantwell
R.R.3, Vincennes, Indiana

Margaret Smithers
38 Winfield Avenue
Jersey City, New Jersey

Willard Mallott
Spring, Texas

Pat Geco
Wave Crest Home
Far Rockaway, New York

KEEP 'EM FLYING!

Joe Higgins
(the Shield)

THE SHIELD • DUSTY

WITH
BATTLE
THE STRANGLER AND SNOWBIRD

HA! A MASTERPIECE, EH, SNOWBIRD? BUT DIS
PICTURE VILL COME TRUE YET! MARK MY
VORDS! I VILL ESCAPE FROM DIS PRISON
UND GET RID OF DIS CURSED SHIELD UND
HIS BRAT, DUSTY, IN JUST DIS VAY!
I, DER STRANGLER, SVEAR IT!



IRVING
NOVILIK

IN BERLIN - PUBLIC FIEND NUMBER TWO GIVES AN ORDER

BY DEVIOUS OVERSEA AND UNDERGROUND ROUTES.

JAWOHL 'HEIL EBBELS

SEE DIS MESSAGE GETS TO DER STRANGLER IN AMERIKA!

UNTIL SOMEWHERE IN THE U.S.

ARTIST MATERIAL

BUT NOW LET'S LOOK IN ON "THE STRANGLER"

DER STRANGLER ISS AN ARTIST UND CANNOT BE DISTURBED!

GET AVAY FROM MY WORK, SNOWBIRD!

SMACK

THUMP

AW GEE, I'M AN ARTIST, TOO! YOU SHOULD SEE ME WITH A TOMMY GUN!

I SHOW YOU MY PAINTING VEN IT IS FINISHED...

NOT BEFORE! GUARD! COME HERE AT ONCE!

I MUST HAF MORE PAINT! BRING ME A TUBE OF BERLIN BLUE!

TAKE IT EASY!
YOU DON'T HAVE
TO SHOUT!

DER ART SUPPLY
STORE AT 60 HUDSON
STREET ISS DER ONLY
VUN DOT HAS IT!

THE STRANGLER MUST
HAVE PULL WITH THE
WARDEN! I'M SUPPOSED
TO GET HIM SOME
PAINT!

DON'T GET
STEAMED UP,
GARRITY!...



...IT WON'T BE
LONG BEFORE
"BIG HANDS"
GETS THE HOT
SEAT, SO LET
HIM HAVE WHAT
HE WANTS!

OKAY!
I'LL SEND
A TRUSTY
OUT TO
GET IT!

LATER AT THE
SUPPLY STORE...



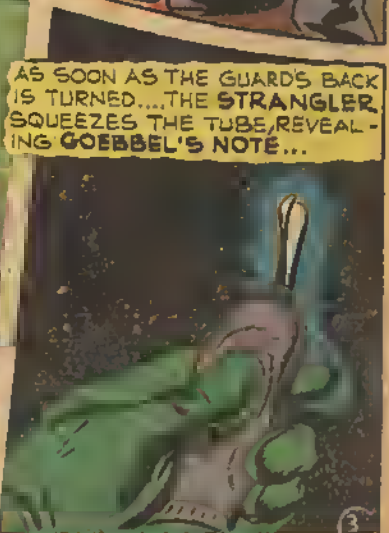
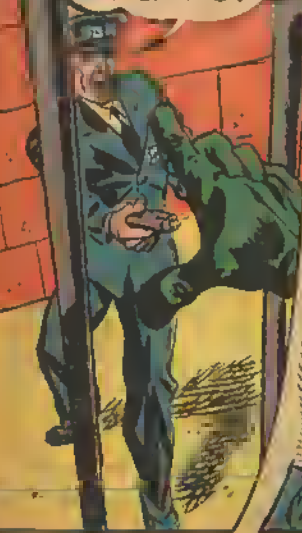
GIMME A
TUBE OF
BERLIN
BLUE -
PAL!

YOU'RE
LUCKY!
I'VE ONLY
ONE TUBE
LEFT!

HERE'S YOUR PAINT,
STRANGLER! THINK IT'LL
MAKE A REMBRANDT
OUT OF YOU!

PERHAPS
NOT, MEIN FRIEND!
BUT IT VILL MAKE A
MONKEY OUT OF YOU!

AS SOON AS THE GUARD'S BACK
IS TURNED....THE STRANGLER
SQUEEZES THE TUBE, REVEAL-
ING GOEBBEL'S NOTE...



ACH! GOTT! ORDERS FROM
BERLIN! VE LEAVE HERE
IMMEDIATELY!

CAN'T VE, EH? DERE
ARE NO BARS MADE
STRONG ENOUGH TO IM-
PRISON DER STRANGLER!

DON'T
BE FUNNY,
STRANGLER!
HOW'RE WE
GONNA LEAVE
IF WE CAN'T
GET OUT?



YOU NUTS,
STRANGLER! THE
GUARDS'LL SPOT
THAT EMPTY
WINDOW, AN...

OH, NO DEY
VON'T!

LOOK AT
IT! MY SUPREME
VORK OF ART!

GEE
STRANGLER!
YOU'RE A GENIUS
ALL RIGHT, ALL
RIGHT!

HURRY,
SNOWBIRD, UND
NO NOISE!

DER GUARDS ON DER NEXT
CORNER VILL NEED SILENC-
ING! COME ALONG,
SNOWBIRD!

WHAT A SLOW NIGHT!
I MIGHT AS WELL BE
HOME PLAYING
PINOCCHLE WITH
MY OLD LADY!

YEAH! I WISH
SOME CON WOULD
TRY A BREAK -
JUST ONCE!

SUDDENLY...

H-HELP-P.

ARRRRGH

OH BOY
A TOMMY GUN!
OBOY, OBOY
OBOY!

DON'T! YOU
IMBECILE!
DON'T FIRE
IT!

YOU FOOL, DO YOU
WANT TO SPOIL
EVERY'ING?

ALONG THE CELL-
BLOCK, A GUARD
CHECKS UP!

TAKING A
NAP, STRANGLER!

HIYA, JOE!
READY TO
RELIEVE ME?

SURE, CHARLEY!
I'M ON THE
NIGHT SHIFT
FROM NOW
ON!

ULP!
NIGHT?
DID YOU SAY
NIGHT?

WHAT'S UP,
JOE?

THE SUN'S SHINING
IN THE STRANGLER'S
CELL. THAT'S WHAT!

HEY! THERE'S
NOBODY ON THESE
COTS - JUST
PILLOWS UNDER
THE BLANKETS!

YEAH! AND
TAKE A LOOK
AT THIS!

SOUND
THE
ALARM!

WE INTERRUPT THIS
BROADCAST TO BRING
YOU A SPECIAL FLASH!
THE STRANGLER AND
HIS CELL-MATE, THE
SNOWBIRD, ESCAPED
FROM STATE PRISON!

DUSTY! DID
YOU HEAR
THAT?

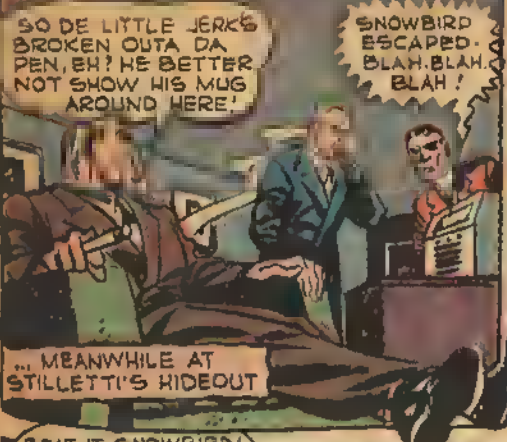
SNOWBIRD'S OLD
MOB CHIEF, 'SNAKEYES'
STILLETI! REMEMBER
HIM?

THE STRANGLER
ESCAPED WITH
SNOWBIRD! I
HAVE A HUNCH
I KNOW WHERE
THEY'LL HEAD
FOR!

THAT'S THE GUY
SNOWBIRD TOOK
THE RAP FOR IN
THE FIRST PLACE!

RIGHT! AND HE'S
THE ONE WE'RE
GOING TO SEE!

DO I?



SO DE LITTLE JERKS
BROKEN OUTA DA
PEN, EH? HE BETTER
NOT SHOW HIS MUG
AROUND HERE!

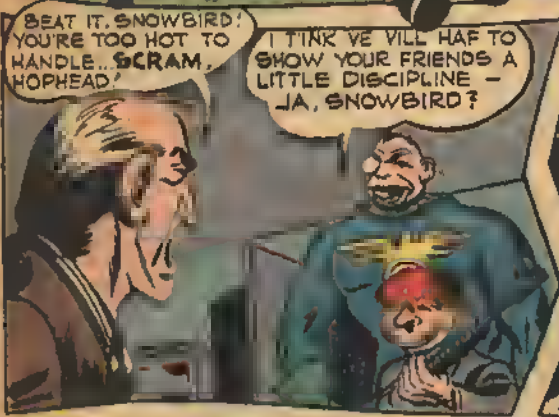
SNOWBIRD
ESCAPED.
BLAH-BLAH
BLAH!

... MEANWHILE AT
STILLETTI'S HIDEOUT



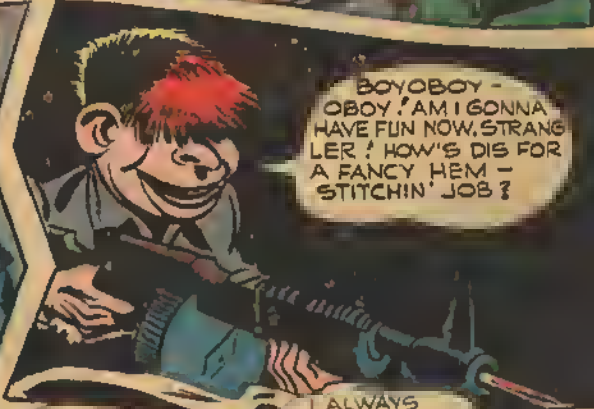
H-HEY, DE SNOWBOID!
YEAH! AN' LOOKA DAT
GORILLA WITH HIM!

H-YAH
SNAKE
EYES!

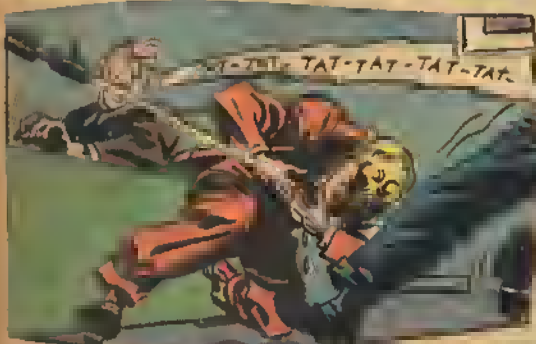


BEAT IT, SNOWBIRD!
YOU'RE TOO HOT TO
HANDLE... SCRAM,
HOPHEAD!

I TINK VE VILL HAF TO
SHOW YOUR FRIENDS A
LITTLE DISCIPLINE -
JA, SNOWBIRD?



BOYBOY -
OBOY, AM I GONNA
HAVE FUN NOW, STRANG-
LER! HOW'S DIS FOR
A FANCY HEM -
STITCHIN' JOB?



TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT



NOW YOU DO
VOT I TELL YOU OR
HANDLE YOU
PERSONALLY!

I ALWAYS
WANTED TO WEAR
DIS SUIT O'
SNAKE-EYES!

NIX! YOU'RE
THE BOSS!



SPEAK! OR I
CRUSH DER SKULL
LIKE AN EGG-
SHELL!

O-KAY -
O-KAY - I'LL
DO ANYTHING
YOU SAY!

HELLO
LIMEY! DIS
IS SNAKE-
EYES! GET
DE MOB TO-
GETHER AN'
SCRAM UP
TO MY JOINT!
YEAH - RIGHT
AWAY!



I'VE HEARD ENOUGH
OF YOUR BLEATINGS!
DIS VILL QVIET
YOU!

THAT DOES IT!
WHAT'S NEXT,
STRANGLER?

TIE DEM BOTH UP
SECURELY! I'M GOING
TO LEAVE YOU HERE
MIT DEM!

BOY O BOY!
HERE'S WHERE
I STITCH ME
INITIALS ON
A BROAD
CHEST!

NO YOU DON'T, SNOWBIRD!
KEEP DEM HERE ALIVE! VEN I
HAF ACCOMPLISHED MY MISSION I
SHALL RETURN TO GLOAT OVER DEM!

AND ON THE
WAY OUT...

A
REMBRANDT?
GET DOT
MONSTROSITY
OFF DER
VALL!

REMBRANDT,
BAH! AN INSULT
TO A GREAT ARTIST
LIKE MYSELF!

HOLY GEE, TEN
THOUSAND SMACKERS
WORTH OF PAINTING!

DE GUY'S NUTS, BUT
HE MUST HAVE
DOUGH!

MEANWHILE
INSIDE...

OBOY!
A LITTLE
SNOW BE
FORE I START
ME TARGET
PRACTICE!

IF EVER I
NEEDED MY
SUPER-POWERS
BACK, NOW'S
THE TIME!

DON'T MOVE,
SHIELDY OLD BOY OR
YOU'LL RUIN ME
PATTERN!

DIS IS LIKE
A PARTY FER ME!
A TOMMY GUN
AND PLENTY
O' SNOW!

ALL
I NEED NOW
IS A LITTLE MUSIC!
DON'T GET LONESOME
BOYS, I'LL BE RIGHT
BACK!

DO YOU
SEE WHAT I
SEE, SHIELD?

DO I!

A LITTLE BIT OF
PEPPER WILL GIVE SNOW.
BIRD'S DOPE JUST THE
RIGHT FLAVOR!

AND WHEN
SNOWBIRD
RETURNS...

OBOYO-
BOY! SWEET
MUSIC AND
ANOTHER WHIFF
O' ME FAVORITE
SNOW!



HEY, YOU... STOP!
YOU CAN'T COME
IN HERE - I'LL...
OOOOOHHHH

PLANT DOT
T.N.T. IN DER CELLAR!
I'M GOING UP TO
DER CONTROL
ROAD!

OKAY,
STRANGLER
WE'LL WAIT
FOR YOU
DOWN
HERE!

LATER, AS THE GANG
AWAITS THE STRANGLER...

AS THE THUGS
PEER INTO THE
DARKENED
INTERIOR...

LOOKING
FOR SOME-
BODY, BOYS?

NO ONE ELSE HOVERING
AROUND HERE, I'LL TRY
THE CONTROL ROOM!

G-A-Y, DATS
OUR HORN
BLOWIN'!

MUST BE ONE OF
DE BOYS, LET'S
SEE WHAT HE
WANTS!

NOV
1964

WHAM

IN THE MEANTIME...

Q...E...Z CALLING
INTERCEPTOR SQUAD-
RON... Q...E...Z...

GLAD I GOT HERE
IN TIME FOR THE
MAIN EVENT!



WHACK

ONE
FOR THE MONEY!
TWO FOR
SHOW!!!

SHIELD! HOW DID YOU
ESCAPE?



THERE ARE PLENTY
OF ANSWERS YOU
DON'T KNOW, RAT!

HALLP! I I CAN'T
SWIM! HELP! I
DON'T WANT TO
DIE!



HEL-
GLUB!

FINE TIME
FOR ME TO
GET HERE!
WHEN THE
FUN'S ALL
OVER!

SORRY, LAD!
BUT THESE
BOYS WOULD
NOT LISTEN
TO REASON!

CHEE...DEY COULDN'T LOCATE
DE STRANGLER'S BODY!
BOYBOY, HE MUST
BE FEEDING THE
FISHES BY NOW!

NEXT DAY...

(SIGH) TOO BAD...I'M BEGINNING TO
T'INK ARTISTS LIKE US AIN'T APPRECIATED!

THE SHIELD & DUSTY BATTLE THE HUN IN
SHIELD & WIZARD COMICS ON SALE NOW!

BOY! WE REALLY STARTED SOMETHING, SHIELD! WHEW! I'M STILL DIZZY TRYING TO KEEP TRACK OF ALL THE BOYS AND GIRLS WHO SENT IN TO JOIN OUR YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA CLUB!

YES, DUSTY!.. BUT IT'S NO SURPRISE TO ME! I KNEW THEY'D FLOCK TO THIS KIND OF CLUB - A CLUB FOR YOUNG AMERICANS! WE CAN ONLY PRINT A FEW NAMES OF THE THOUSANDS WHO SUBSCRIBED, BUT WE'LL GET AROUND TO ALL OF THEM SOONER OR LATER. SO GET ON THE BANDWAGON, YOU YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA! JOIN UP NOW! YOU NEED AMERICA! AMERICA NEEDS YOU!

YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA CLUB

SPECIAL MENTION

YNES ZAVAZLA, PO BOX 122 LOS BANOS, CALIF., HAS BOUGHT THREE BOOKS OF VICTORY STAMPS... HARRY SULLIVAN, 19 STOCKHOLM ST. NEWPORT, R.I. HAS BOUGHT \$15 WORTH OF VICTORY STAMPS... GLENN RAY HATFIELD, CARVILLE, TENN., JAMES CHARLES GRIFFMAN, 4202 BINGHAM AV. ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, AND FLETCHER AND DAN BOWLING, MOBILE COUNTY, SPRING HILL, ALA. HAVE ALL BOUGHT VICTORY BONDS.

KENNETH ADOLPHEON 302 4TH AV MANISTEE, MICH.
HOWARD ANDERSON, 110 FITZHUGH ST. BAY CITY MICH
HARRY ARTER RFD#2, CRESTLINE OHIO.
RALPH ASADOURIAN 177 HANOVER ST. MANCHESTER, N.H.
ROBERT NO. AN BANKER, BRITT, IOWA.
CRAWFORD BATES 8818-131 3RD ST. RICHMOND HILL, N.Y.
BARBARA ANN BENSON 44 SHUPPERT BOX 44 BEND, IND.
JERRY BEZDEK LOUIGE, TEXAS
HARVEY LEE BLAIR, CLAYTON, OKLAHOMA
ISADORE BLOOMBERG 3842 PARK AVE KANSAS CITY, MO.
STANLEY BECHNER #506 W. 18TH TERRACE, MIAMI, FLA
BILLY BOYLES, 1300 ADAMS AV CLARKSBURG W. VA
DONALD BRANT 920 E JACKSON ST. MUNCIE, IND.
JOANN BREKKEN, 150 RIVERSIDE AVE, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
MANUEL CAREEN 106 B ST. BOX 505, HURLEY, N. MEXICO
JOHN CARSTAPHER, 1312 PERSIMMON ST. MOBILE, ALA.
JIM CARTER 1312 PACIFIC TERR. KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON
HELENE JEONG MO CHN, 326-7TH ST. OAKLAND, CALIF.
BILL CLEMINSHAW 108 COLLEGE ST. HUDSON, OHIO
HAROLD COUCH, 350 GRISSE ST. PETERSBURG, VA
DON COURNEYER, 15 RATHBUN ST. WOONSOCKET, R.I.
JOSEPH CRAMER 1664 MILLER ST. LITICA, N.Y.
FRANCES DALTON, 5133-5TH AV. PORT ARTHUR, TEXAS
IRWIN DAUGHTERY, ROUTE 3 BOX 24, PHILLIPS, W. VA.
WALTER DAVIS, 239 HUNTINGTON ST. N. LONDON, CONN.
CLYDE W. DAYTON RFD#2, FRAZEEBURG, OHIO
TENNYSON DEWINTER, B-5 SANDY, MONTANA
ORVILLE EIDEM JR., 1103 CHERRY ST. GRAND FORKS N.D.
THOMAS JOSEPH EGGIG, 443 EAST 24TH ST. N.Y. N.Y.
CHARLES GRANT ELLIOTT, 2431 PHILIP ST. N. ORLEANS, ALA.

ARMENIE FEBBE, 815 PENNSYLVANIA AV. BANGOR, PA.
JAMES FRIEL, 8300 ROSELAWN, DETROIT, MICH.
VERNON FRENKEL, 230, S. FULTON ST. ALLENTOWN, PA.
LIBBY GOLDSTEIN, 1127 WARD AVE. BRONX, N.Y.
LESTER GRAFF JR., 4244 WEST 200 DAVENPORT, IOWA
CARL GRAVES, KNOBEL, ARKANSAS
BILLY GREER, 504 WEST MARKET, JOHNSON CITY, TENN.
EDWARD GUNDUM, 21 W. MC MILLAN, CINCINNATI, OHIO
DONALD MAHN, 504 S. 18TH ST. MT. VERNON, ILLINOIS
BOBBY HALL, 208 WALNUT, POKOMOKO, MARYLAND
LEONARD HARDY, BOX 424, MIAMI, ARIZONA
GRADY HARTFIELD, ROUTE 3, HAZLEHURST, MISSOURI
KENNETH HEYS, 2315 MELDEN ST. SAVANNAH, GA.
JAMES HIBBS, PIEDMONT, OHIO
JOE HINCHCLIFFE, 611 N. 5TH ST. KEARNY, NEW JERSEY
FLETCHER HIXSON, CABOT, ARKANSAS
JANICE HEPPINGER, 939 N. KILBOUN, MILWAUKEE, WIS.
CAROL L. HOEL, RT. 11, BOX 808, PHOENIX, ARIZONA
JOSEPH HUCK, 4305 WENTWORTH AV. CHICAGO, ILL.
SEO HUDLESTON, 2504 PINE ST. BUTTE, MONTANA
JIMMY HUSTED, GRANT AND CANAL, CORONA, CALIF.
JOHN GRADY JENKINS, 117 N. 5TH ST. TEMPLE, TEXAS
PAUL KAZEK, 4210 MENAROM, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
PAUL KAUFMAN, BOX 67 ENOLA, PENNSYLVANIA
EUGENE KIEO, 928 CLINTON ST. BUFFALO, N.Y.
JIMMY KOLOCETRENIS, 3198 CAROLINE ST. ST. LOUIS, MO.
WILLIAM KNAPP, 7 MONUMENT ST. DEPOSIT, N.Y.
WILLIAM LEE, 845 BROADWAY ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
BUDDY LEFSON, 1460 BEARDSLEY ST., AKRON, OHIO
DEWEY EARL LYNCH, 184 HOOVER ST., COALINGA, CALIF.

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHETHER YOU CAN AFFORD A \$5.00 BOND OR A TEN-CENT VICTORY STAMP -- BY BUYING ALL YOU CAN AFFORD, YOU'RE HELPING YOUR COUNTRY GREATLY. WAS YOUR NAME MENTIONED IN THIS ISSUE? IF NOT, BUY WAR STAMPS, FILL OUT THE COUPON ON THIS PAGE -- AND WATCH THE FOLLOWING ISSUES FOR ANNOUNCEMENT OF YOUR MEMBERSHIP IN THE

YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA CLUB!!!

ON MY HONOR AS A LOYAL, PATRIOTIC AMERICAN, I PLEDGE THAT I HAVE BOUGHT VICTORY STAMPS (OR A STAMP) AND AM ELIGIBLE FOR THE "YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA" CLUB!

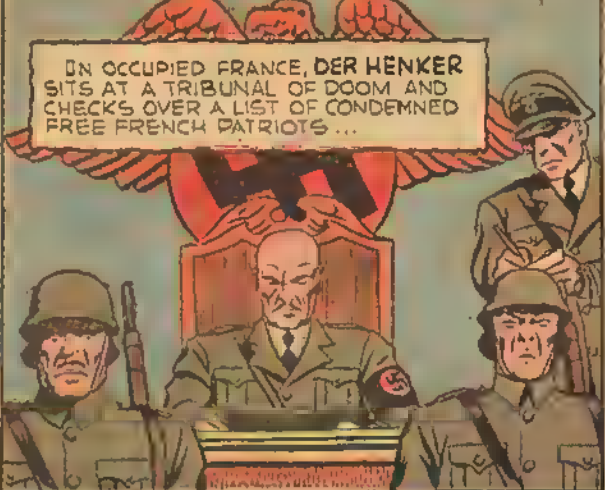
NAME (PRINT PLAINLY).....
ADDRESS STREET.....
CITY..... STATE.....

THE HANGMAN




THIS A TALE OF TWO HUNTERS' BOTH OF EXCEPTIONAL INTELLIGENCE AND UNUSUAL STRENGTH-AND BOTH EXTRAORDINARILY SKILLFUL AT STALKING THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME OF ALL-MAN! BUT THERE IS ONE VAST DIFFERENCE. ONE PITS HIS WITS IN THE INTERESTS OF JUSTICE, AND THE OTHER SERVES THE FORCES OF TYRANNY AND OPPRESSION!

IT IS A TALE WHICH, IN A WAY, SYMBOLIZES THE LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE OF OUR FIGHTING DEMOCRACIES AGAINST THE BUTCHERS WHO WOULD CRUCIFY HUMANITY ON A SWASTIKA... IN SHORT, IT IS A TALE OF THE HANGMAN AND THE HUNTER!




IN OCCUPIED FRANCE, DER HENKER
SITS AT A TRIBUNAL OF DOOM AND
CHECKS OVER A LIST OF CONDEMNED
FREE FRENCH PATRIOTS ...



GOOT! DER
LIST IS COMPLETE!
DO NOT WASTE
BULLETS ON DER
DOGS' HANG DEM!
EFFERY ONE
OF DEM!


JA, HERR
HENKER. VE
SHALL FOLLOW
YOUR ORDERS
IMMEDIATELY!



FRENCH DOGS! VE SHALL
TEACH DEM TO LOVE OUR NAZI
PHILOSOPHY IF VE HAF TO HANG
DEM ALL TO DO IT. COURT
DISMISSED!


THEN, WHEN THE
HENKER IS ALONE

THE
GALLOWS!




YES, I TOO AM KNOWN
AS THE HANGMAN - BUT I
DEAL IN JUSTICE, WHILE YOU
DEAL IN OPPRESSION
AND HATRED!

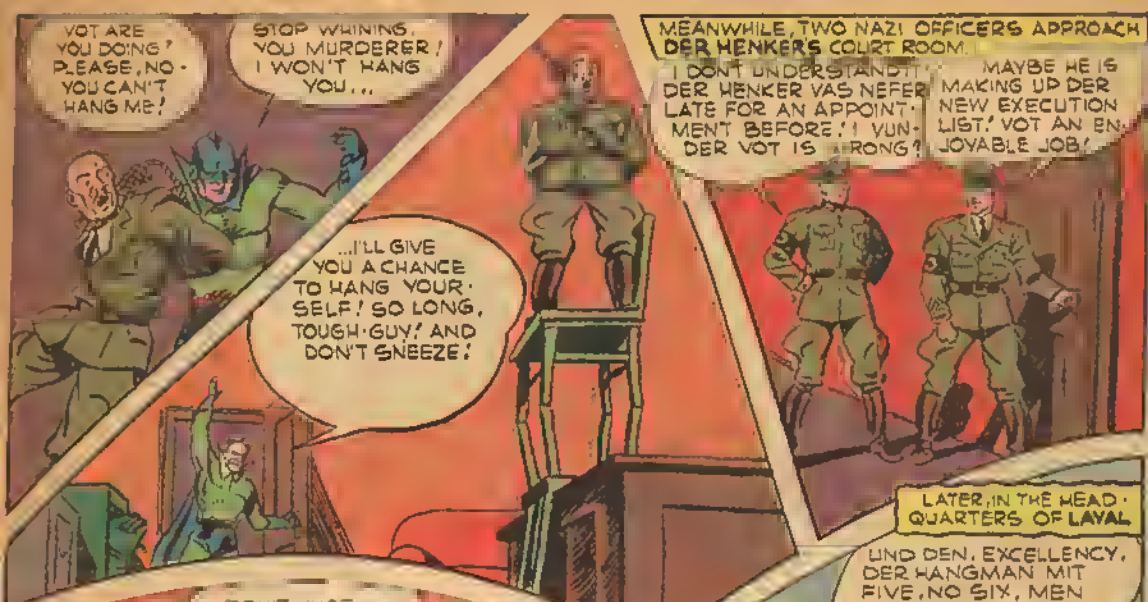
WHAT SORT
OF CHILD'S PLAY
IS THIS? I'LL -



NO,
YOU
WON'T!



-AND THIS IS
NO CHILD'S PLAY!



VOT ARE
YOU DOING?
PLEASE, NO -
YOU CAN'T
HANG ME!

STOP WHINING
YOU MURDERER!
I WON'T HANG
YOU...

...I'LL GIVE
YOU A CHANCE
TO HANG YOUR
SELF! SO LONG,
TOUGH GUY! AND
DON'T SNEEZE!

MEANWHILE, TWO NAZI OFFICERS APPROACH
DER HENKER'S COURT ROOM.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT!
DER HENKER VAS NEFER!
LATE FOR AN APPOINT-
MENT BEFORE! I VUN-
DER VOT IS - RONG?

MAYBE HE IS
MAKING UP DER
NEW EXECUTION
LIST! VOT AN EN-
JOYABLE JOB!

LATER, IN THE HEAD-
QUARTERS OF LAVAL

UND DEN, EXCELLENCY,
DER HANGMAN MIT
FIVE, NO SIX, MEN
JUMPED ON ME
FROM BEHIND!



DON'T JUST
STAND DERE, YOU
FOOLS! GET ME
DOWN FROM HERE!



THEN THIS
AMERICAN
HANGMAN
WENT THRU
YOUR FILES,
YOU SAY?

JA, EXCELLENCY! I
FOUGHT HIM TOOTH
UND NAIL LIKE A
TIGER! BUT DERE
WERE TOO MANY,
UND...

STOP
JABBERING
YOU FOOL!

THIS IS
SERIOUS! THIS
HANGMAN IS A
MAN MUCH TO BE
FEARED! WHY HE
MIGHT EVEN TRY
TO GET AT ME!

DON'T
WORRY, HERR
LAVAL!

DON'T WORRY! THE MAN IS CLEVER
ENOUGH TO GET INTO OUR COUNTRY
...INTO OUR VERY OFFICES! IS
THERE ANYONE IN ALL EUROPE
WHO CAN CATCH HIM?

YES! I AM
CALLING HIM NOW!
THE HUNTER!

THE SCENE CHANGES TO A NEARBY
CONCENTRATION CAMP...

ACH DIS ISS HEAVY
FOR AN EMPTY COFFIN!
IT MUST WEIGH TWO
HUNDRED
POUNDS!

FEELS GOOT TO PUT
IT DOWN! IT MUST BE
A COFFIN FOR A VERY
FAT FRENCHMAN!

BUT SHORTLY AFTERWARDS,
AS A NAZI OFFICER PASSES...

YAH!

LATER, A FIGURE HUG-
GING THE SHADOWS APPEARS
IN THE TURN-KEYS OFFICE ...

OUT. AND...

YAAAAH!

WAKE UP, PIG!

2-2-2-2
HUH! YA!

DER CUCY
RYE
WHISKY

NO, NO, DON'T BODDER PUTTING
ON DER LIGHTS! I'M IN A HURRY.
TAKE ME TO CELL 53!

JA WOHL!

DIS IS
IT, HERR
KAPITAN

GOOT, YOU
MAY GO BACK
TO YOUR POST

NO, I
TINK I
STAY
RIGHT
HERE!

GO T EVENING
HANGMAN! I
VAS WAITING
FOR YOU!

THE
HUNTER!

I HAVE LONG WISHED TO MATCH WITS WITH YOU, HANGMAN! BUT I DID NOT EXPECT TO WIN SO EASILY!

I'LL ADMIT THE FIRST TRICK IS YOURS, BUT HOW DID YOU TRACK ME DOWN?

THAT IS MY SECRET! CLEVER AS YOU WERE IN HIDING YOUR TRACKS, I WAS EVEN MORE CLEVER! NOW I SHALL SHOW YOU THE PRISONER YOU WISHED TO FREE!

SUDDENLY

CLANG

YOU MADE THE MISTAKE OF UNDERESTIMATING YOUR QUARRY, HUNTER!

POW

I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST NOW!

ALL RIGHT, JOHNNY GORDON-COME ON OUT!

I WON'T ANSWER ANY QUESTIONS, I TELL YOU...

YOU DON'T HAVE TO - JOHNNY - RECOGNIZE THIS RING?

WHY IT'S MY SISTER, THELMA'S!

I'M THE HANGMAN. YOUR SISTER'S BEST FRIEND... THELMA GAVE ME THE RING TO PROVE MY CONNECTION WITH HER IN CASE YOU DOUBTED MY IDENTITY. COME ON, JOHNNY - I NOTICED THIS CAR ON MY WAY IN! LET'S ADOPT IT!

I'M WITH YOU, HANGMAN! THE BEST WAY OUT IS DOWN THIS LANE TO OUR LEFT!

OKAY, PAL, LEAD THE WAY!

THE CAR SHOOTS PAST THE STARTLED GUARD...



MINUTES LATER THE HUNTER RECOVERS

VOT HAPPENED? VOT... DER HANGMAN! I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!



QUICK ANSWER ME! DID ANYBODY GO PAST THIS GATE?

V-WY, YES, HERR HUNTER! JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO - A KAPITAN AND ANOTHER MAN DROVE OUT IN A CAR!



A KAPITAN UND ANOTHER MAN - UND YOU LET DEM PASS! TAKE DIS YOU STUPID INCOMPETENT FOOL!



BRAINLESS IDIOT OF A GUARD! BUT, NO. I SHALL NOT WORRY ABOUT IT...



THE HANGMAN HAS PROVEN HIMSELF WORTHY OF MY HUNTING TALENTS! DIS BEGINS TO GET INTERESTING! DER HUNT IS ON - AND AS ALWAYS DER HUNTER WILL TRAP - UND KILL HIS PREY!



HOW IN THE
WORLD DID YOU
EVER FIND ME,
HANGMAN?

I KNEW THESE
GERMANS KEPT
SPECIAL FILES ON
ALL THE AMERICAN
CORRESPONDENTS
THEY HAD IN CON-
CENTRATION CAMPS!

SO ALL I HAD TO DO
WAS FIND THOSE
FILES, AND I DID!

WERE CHILD'S PLAY,
EH, GETTING PAST
THE ENTIRE GESTAPO
AND HALF THE GER-
MAN ARMY!

NO TIME FOR COMPLIMENTS,
JOHNNY! WE'LL HAVE TO
DITCH THE CAR AND TAKE
TO THE WOODS!

RIGHT-
HANGMAN!

FOR HOURS THEY MOVE WARILY THROUGH THE WOODS
PHEW! PRETTY TOUGH
GOING, BUT THE BORDER
ISN'T MUCH FURTHER
OFF!

THANK HEAVEN
FOR THAT! I'M--
PRETTY TIRED!

SUDDENLY...

WHAT'S THAT?!
HEAR BARKING?

HOWLS!
THE HUNTER
IS AFTER
US!

HA! BRUNO AND THOR HAF
GOT DER SCENT! GOOT
VORK, MY FINE HOWLS!
YOU MAY HAF YOUR
SUPPER SOONER
THAN I THOUGHT!

THOSE HOUNDS ARE
CLOSING IN ON US!
WE'RE FINISHED
UNLESS...

HANGMAN,
THEY'RE COMING
CLOSER EVERY
MINUTE!

LOOK...A
STREAM! NOW'S
OUR CHANCE TO
LOSE THEM!

THE HUNTER WILL EXPECT US TO EITHER
FORD THE STREAM OR FOLLOW IT...
BUT IT MIGHT BE A BETTER
IDEA JUST TO HIDE
IN THOSE
RUSHES!



DEY HAFF GONE
INTO DER
STREAM -
CURSE IT!

DER HANGMAN IS TOO
SMART TO FOLLOW IT
BLINDLY...HE KNOWS DOT'S
VOT I EXPECT HIM TO DO!

HSST...THAT
CLEVER MURDERER
IS ONTO US,
JOHNNY!



VOT DO
VE DO NOW,
HERR HUNTER?

QVIET!
LET ME
THINK!

I HAFF IT! VUN OF YOU GO TO DER
NEAREST VILLAGE MIT DER CAR, UND
BRING BACK SOME BARRELS OF OIL,
UND HURRY!

JA
WOHL,
HERR
HUNTER!





LATER: I COULD ONLY GET 2 BARRELS, HUNTER! IT IS ENOUGH! POUR IT ALL INTO DER WATER!

NOW, YOU TWO GO DOWNSTREAM MIT DER DOGS, UND SHOOT DEM ON SIGHT... DER CURRENT VILL CARRY DER OIL DOWNSTREAM!

...UND BURNING OIL SHOULD MAKE T'INGS A LITTLE HOT FOR DEM IF DEY ARE IN HIDING!

JUPITER! BURNING OIL! AND THE FLAMES ARE COMING RIGHT AT US!

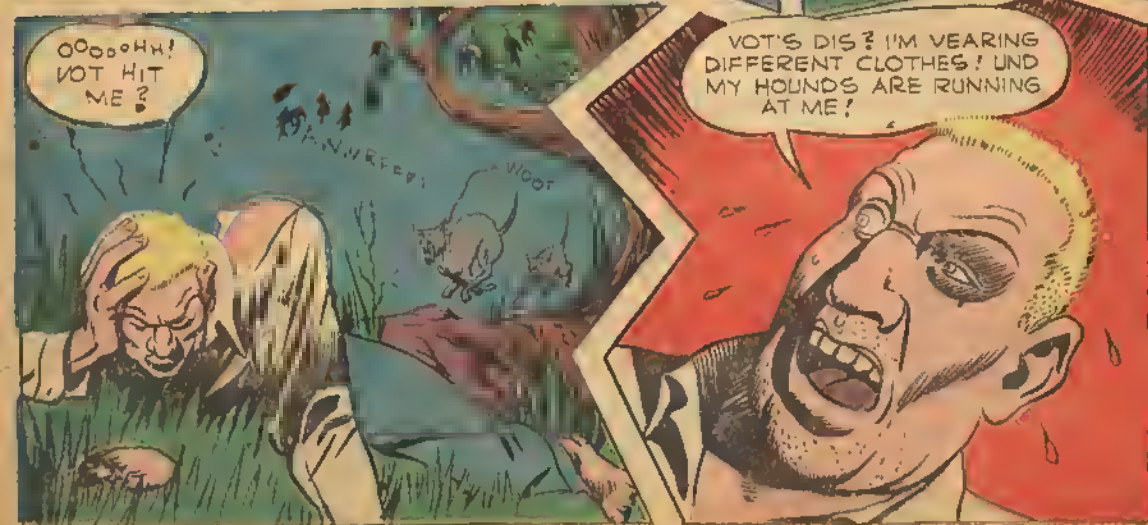
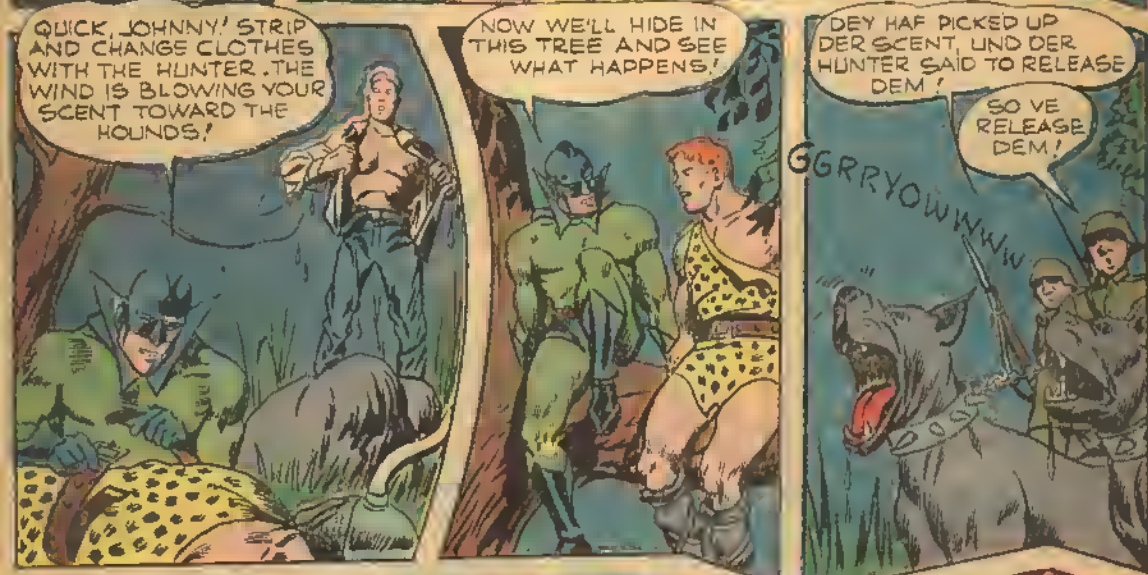
HURRY, HANGMAN! LET'S SET OUT OF THIS SPRING OR..
NO! I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA!



WE'RE GOING TO SWIM UNDERWATER UPSTREAM AND EMERGE BEHIND THOSE FLAMES.... TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND SWIM FOR DEAR LIFE!



YOU! KEEP FOLLOWING DER FLAMES... DEY'VE GOT TO COME OUT SOONER OR LATER!



BRUNO! THOR! NO!
KEEP AWAY! I'M
YOUR MASTER!

BUT THE HOUNDS, TRUE TO THEIR
TRAINING, LUNGE MURDEROUSLY
AT THE HATEFUL SCENT-IN AN OVER-
POWERING INSTINCT TO KILL—
KILL!

GOOD LORD!
THEY'RE
TEARING
HIM TO
SHREDS!

I...I'VE SEEN
SOME AWFUL
SIGHTS—BUT
THIS IS TOO
MUCH!

HANS! LOOK!
IT'S DER HUNTER
DER DOGS ARE
ATTACKING!

DONNER UND
BLITZEN! SHOOT
DEM, QUICK!

YOWLLL!

BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG

THEY'VE KILLED THOSE
HOUNDS! THAT'S WHAT
I CALL COOPERATION!

LET'S GO,
JOHNNY!

HIMMEL!
WAS IST?

OW



COME ON
DOWN, LAD!
WE'VE WON!



HE'S STILL ALIVE, BUT I DON'T THINK
HE'LL HUNT ANYBODY FOR A LONG
TIME TO COME - IF EVER!



AND SO, ONCE AGAIN,
THE DUO RESUME
THEIR MARCH TO-
WARD FREEDOM...



COME ON
JOHNNY!
WE CAN'T
QUIT
NOW!



LOOK! WE MADE
IT! THERE'S FREE-
DOM AHEAD!



THE ONE HAVEN OF REFUGE IN A
WAR-TORN, ENSLAVED EUROPE...
THE ONE LIGHT REMAINING IN A
DARK CONTINENT - SWITZER-
LAND...



AND SOMEWHERE IN
EUROPE...

NO BUTS! YOU
ARE ALL RESPONSIBLE
FOR DER HANGMAN'S
ESCAPE. VOT'S TO
STOP HIM FROM
GETTING TO ME
MIT SUCH INCOM-
PETENT FOOLS
AROUND ME!

NOTHING, HERR HITLER!
NOTHING CAN STOP THE
HANGMAN FROM GETTING
TO YOU, FOR SO LONG AS THERE
IS A FREE SOUL IN THIS WORLD
YOU MUST MEET YOUR
HANGMAN!



DEATH DRAWS A CARTOON

A HANGMAN STORY

BOB DICKERING pressed down hard on the gas pedal of his roadster. "We're almost there, aren't we, Don?" he asked.

Don Livingston smiled, his pudgy features looking almost handsome as they lit up. "Just about," he said. The smile grew on his face. "It does my heart good to see so staunch an admirer of my brother."

Bob's foot continued to work the pedal. "I've admired Flynn Livingston for almost ten years—ever since he first began to appear," he said. "He's the most perfect cartoonist I've ever seen. You'll find mistakes in other art jobs, but never in your brother's. Every detail perfect; every detail accurate." He swung the car along a side street. "It was certainly great news to me when I heard that he'd joined the staff of the new expose magazine, *Truth*. I'll tell him that when you introduce me to him."

Don's smile faded. "Bob," he said. "I'm pretty worried about these new cartoons Flynn's drawing for *Truth*. I know the magazine is doing a swell job, exposing crooked politicians and all that

but, well, it's too dangerous. One of the rats may get sore and do something about it."

"No," said Bob. "My opinion is that he ought to keep right on doing his job, ridding this city of its destructive elements." He stepped the car. "This is it, isn't it?"

Don nodded, and the two men walked briskly up the stairs. They went through a series of rooms, past Flynn's living quarters, past a room full of information files the artist used to uphold his reputation of never having an inaccurate detail in his drawings. They started to enter the artist's workroom . . . and stopped.

Flynn Livingston lay over his desk, his head resting stilly on top of an unfinished drawing. There was a knife in his back.

Bob peered at the unfinished

drawing and recognized it at once. The previous issue of *Truth* had advertised this cartoon the artist's own expose of the man behind all crooked politics in the city.

It was a simple enough drawing, a scene showing the District Attorney pointing at a portrait of the political leader and saying, "This is him." But the killer had arrived in time. The mystery man's face was in outline; the features had not yet been drawn in.

Suddenly, Bob's eyes clouded over with thought. Flynn had drawn the D. A. in the attitude of a schoolteacher pointing at an object on a black-board . . . but he'd drawn him pointing with a walking-stick instead of a pointer! And it was quite obviously a walking-stick, with ornate head and all. Was it possible that Flynn Livingston, noted for great accuracy in his art, had made a mistake in his last drawing?

And then, as suddenly, the puzzlement left. Bob Dickering's eyes. The walking-stick was a message—and he understood its meaning!

"I'll go to the nearest phone and call the police," said Bob. Flynn Livingston had always considered the telephone a nuisance and a bother, and he had none in his apartment. "You stick around and keep an eye on things." He rushed out of the room, and down the stairs.

Downstairs, he quickly slipped out of his civilian clothes and emerged as—The Hangman! He had talked Don Livingston into taking him over here to meet Flynn because he'd feared something like this would happen, and he'd wanted to look around without arousing suspicion. And though he had come too late to prevent murder—he was not too late to avenge it!

He waited a minute, and then, with startling suddenness, he burst

into the murder room. Don stared at him numbly.

The Hangman's keen eyes took in all the details of the room, pretending that he was seeing it for the first time. "Don Livingston," he said, after a moment, "look at the wall behind you!"

Don looked, and he took a step backward, face contorted. "The Hangman's noose!" he hissed.

"It's the sign of your guilt," said The Hangman, tightly. "You are the secret leader of crime in this city—and you killed your brother to keep him from exposing you! He was drawing when you came in to kill him, and he knew that you'd destroy the sheet if he wrote something like, 'Don killed me'. So he simply sketched a walking stick into the D. A.'s pointing hand, and you didn't even notice anything wrong. But I understand the message, Don. It's a walking-stick, a cane—symbol of Cain in the Bible, who killed his own brother!"

There was a crackling silence. And then, fiercely, Don Livingston lunged, a knife in his hand.

The Hangman raced forward to meet him. His hand caught Don's wrist, and the two men fought for possession of the weapon. It was the crazed strength of the murderer against the cool, methodical source of The Hangman.

And then, suddenly, Don Livingston went limp. The Hangman, realizing what had happened, released his hold—and the killer dropped to the floor. In the struggle, Don Livingston had plunged the weapon into his own heart!

The Hangman looked at the murderer's body, his eyes tired. Certainly the murder had been avenged, but that did not bring back the life of a great and fearless artist. Wrarily, he walked down the stairs . . . to return to the personality of Bob Dickering and to summon the police.

CAPTAIN COMMANDO

AND THE BOY SOLDIERS

IN FRANCE, THE STORY OF A PEOPLE'S
COURAGE IS BEING WRITTEN IN BLOOD!
CONQUERED, THEY ARE STILL UNCON-
QUERABLE! AND THEIR HOPE OF FUTURE
VICTORY IS SURE, UPHOLD BY FIGHT-
ING HEROES LIKE CAPTAIN
COMMANDO WHOSE ONLY FAITH
IS FREEDOM!

AND SO, IN A NAZI
PRISON SOMEWHERE
IN OCCUPIED FRANCE..

JACQUES COURIER,
PIERRE MASSANET,
MICHEL TONGER.

AS THE PRISONERS LINE UP,
ONE MAN REMAINS APART.

MORE INNOCENTS
FOR THE EXECUTION,
BEASTS! WHY DON'T
THEY TAKE ME,
TOO?

YOU,
ORLATOUR.



STOP GRUMBLING TO YOURSELF! YOUR TURN WILL COME SOON ENOUGH!



HABA-HA! ALL THE ENEMIES OF THE NEW FRANCE WILL DIE!

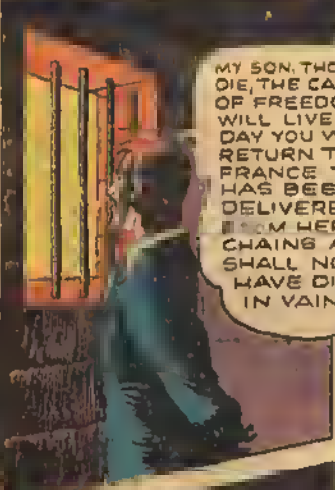


SUDDENLY, THE VICHY GUARD BEGINS CLOSER TO THE FALLEN DELATOUR.

MY FRIEND, YOUR MESSAGE TO YOUR SON HAS GOTTEN THROUGH!

THANK YOU, MON AMI!

AFTER THE OTHERS HAVE GONE



MY SON, THOUGH I DIE, THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM WILL LIVE! ONE DAY YOU WILL RETURN TO A FRANCE THAT HAS BEEN DELIVERED FROM HER CHAINS AND I SHALL NOT HAVE DIED IN VAIN!

THE SUN IS RISING ON AN EMBATTLED FORTRESS - ENGLAND...



...WHERE FREEDOM LIVES AMONG THE HUMBLEST... IN A RUSTIC SCHOOLHOUSE SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE LONDON...



HI, JERRY! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!



MASTER GRAYSON, SHOW ME WHAT YOU HAVE IN YOUR HAND!

Y-YES, SIR!



WHO IS THE BIGGEST PIG IN THE WORLD?

(OTHER SIDE)

ERR.. WELL? PERHAPS
I WAS A BIT.. ER..
TOO HARSH? BOYS
WILL BE BOYS?

CLASS IS DISMISSED!
MASTERS GRAYSON,
SYKES AND JANSSEN
WILL STAY AFTER
CLASS?

YOU BOYS DON'T HAVE
THE RIGHT SPIRIT TOWARD
YOUR WORK? YET I KNOW
IF YOU WANTED TO, YOU
COULD BE THE BEST
STUDENTS IN CLASS!

WE'RE
MORE INTERESTED
IN FIGHTING
HITLER THAN
HOMEWORK,
SIR!

HMM. SOMETIMES
I WONDER IF
BEING A TEACHER
HASN'T GIVEN ME
THE WRONG IDEA
ABOUT SPIRIT!

I WONDER
WHY ARMAND
WASN'T IN SCHOOL
TODAY? WE'D
BETTER GO
OVER AND SEE
IF HE'S ALL
RIGHT!

ARMANDO!

SAY, WHAT'S
THE MATTER
WITH HIM?

I DO NOT MEAN TO
BE SO FOOLISH, MY
FRIENDS! BUT-BUT
TODAY I GET A LETTER
FROM MY FATHER!
YOU SEE?

Armand My son:
This will be the last
time I shall ever write
to you! But I know
there is an understand-
ing between us that
does not need words.
Carry on, my son. Men
may die but France
will live forever!
Affectionately
your,
Father

THE NAZIS HAD
MY FATHER IN
PRISON! THEES
NOTE, EET CAN ONLY
MEAN THEY ARE
GOING TO
KILL HEEM!

I WISH
THERE
WAS
SOME-
THING
WE
COULD
DO?



DON'T GIVE UP HOPE, ARMAND! I'VE JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING! WE MAY BE ABLE TO SAVE YOUR FATHER!



WAIT, BILLY! I'LL GO WITH YOU!

NOPE! I'VE GOT TO DO THIS ALONE!



AT THE GRAYSON HOME...

I ENJOY DANCING, DON'T YOU? IT MAKES THAT DREADFUL WAR SEEM SO FAR AWAY AND SO UNIMPORTANT!



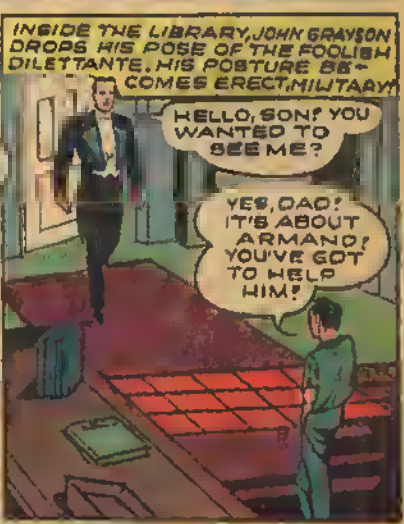
BUT-BUT I...

YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED! I REFUSE TO DANCE WITH YOU ANOTHER MINUTE, YOU... YOU UNPATRIOTIC CAD!



PARDON ME, SIR! YOUR SON WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU IN THE LIBRARY?

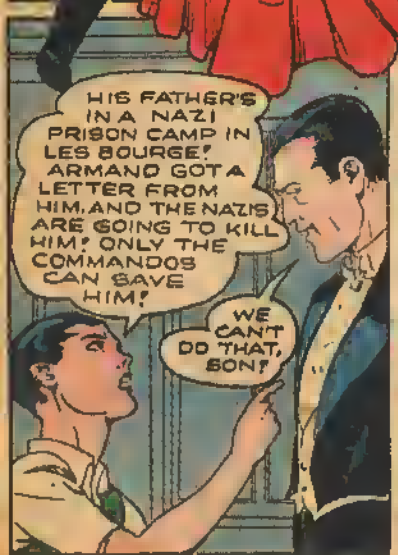
WHEW! I'LL BE THERE IN A MOMENT!



INSIDE THE LIBRARY, JOHN GRAYSON DROPS HIS POSE OF THE FOOLISH DILETTANTE. HIS POSTURE BECOMES ERECT, MILITARY!

HELLO, SON? YOU WANTED TO SEE ME?

YES, DAD! IT'S ABOUT ARMAND! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP HIM!



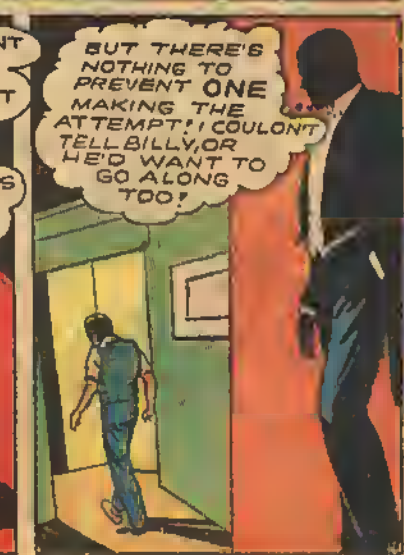
HIS FATHER'S IN A NAZI PRISON CAMP IN LES BOURGES! ARMAND GOT A LETTER FROM HIM, AND THE NAZIS ARE GOING TO KILL HIM! ONLY THE COMMANDOS CAN SAVE HIM!

WE CAN'T DO THAT, SON!



THE COMMANDOS HAVE MORE IMPORTANT OBJECTIVES THAN SAVING THE LIFE OF ONE MAN! WE CAN'T RISK MANY LIVES TO SAVE ONE!

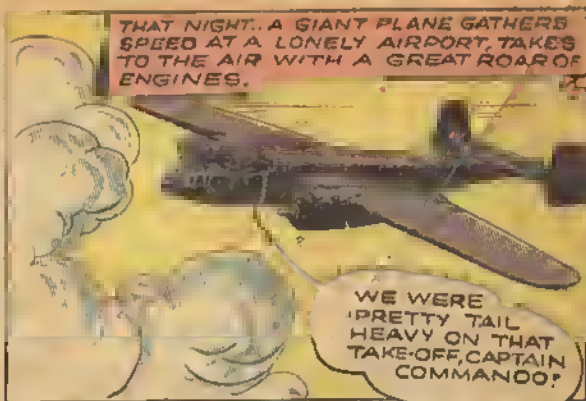
I-I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT!



BUT THERE'S NOTHING TO PREVENT ONE MAKING THE ATTEMPT! I COULDN'T TELL BILLY, OR HE'D WANT TO GO ALONG TOO!



HAVE A PLANE
READY TONIGHT..
NO, I'M GOING
ALONE THIS
TIME!



THAT NIGHT.. A GIANT PLANE GATHERS
SPEED AT A LONELY AIRPORT, TAKES
TO THE AIR WITH A GREAT ROAR OF
ENGINES.

WE WERE
PRETTY TAIL
HEAVY ON THAT
TAKE-OFF, CAPTAIN
COMMANDO!



CAPTAIN COMMANDO MAKES
HIS WAY TO THE REAR OF
THE PLANE.

NO WONDER!
HOW DID YOU
KIDS GET
ABOARD?

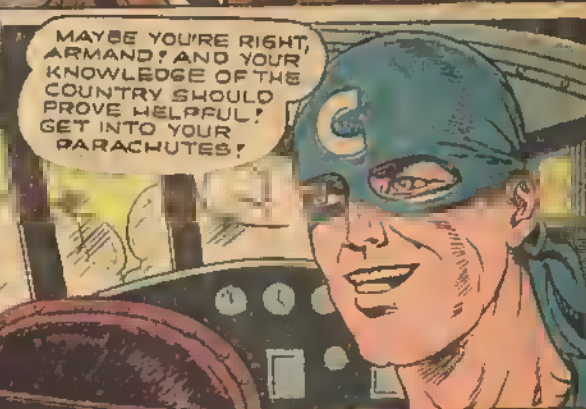


WHY, WE JUST SORTA
GUESSED YOU WERE
UP TO SOMETHING, SO
WE SHOWED UP
ANYWAY!

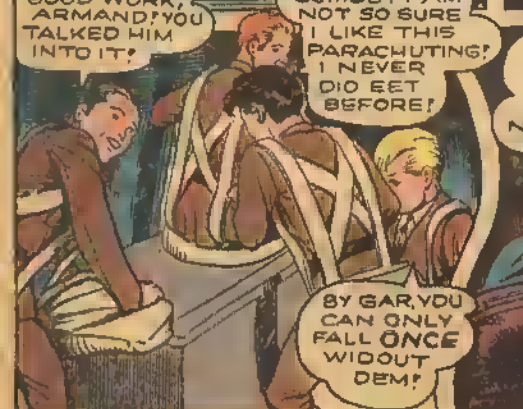


I'VE GOT A GOOD
MIND TO SEND
YOU BACK!

MONSIEUR, PLEASE!
EET EES MY
FATHER'S LIFE
IN DANGER!



MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT,
ARMAND! AND YOUR
KNOWLEDGE OF THE
COUNTRY SHOULD
PROVE HELPFUL!
GET INTO YOUR
PARACHUTES!



GOOD WORK,
ARMAND! YOU
TALKED HIM
INTO IT!

OUI.. BUT I AM
NOT SO SURE
I LIKE THIS
PARACHUTING!
I NEVER
DID EET
BEFORE!



ALL
RIGHT,
PILOT! WE'RE
OVER OPEN
COUNTRY
NOW!

BY GAW, YOU
CAN ONLY
FALL ONCE
WIDOUT
DEM!

HIGH OVER HOSTILE FRANCE, THE
INTREPID GROUP BAILS OUT.

HERE
GOES
NOTHING!

AND FAR BELOW THEY COME TO EARTH TO BEGIN
THEIR STRANGEST AND MOST PERILOUS
ADVENTURE!

UP HERE, DELATOUR!
AREN'T YOU INTERESTED
IN THE TIME OF YOUR
OWN DEATH?

MEANWHILE, IN THE
PRISON AT
LES BOURGES...

HENRI DELATOUR?
YOU ARE SENTENCED
TO BE HANGED IN THE
PUBLIC SQUARE
AT DAWN!

FAREWELL, MONSIEUR
DELATOUR! I AM SORRY
THIS HAD TO HAPPEN...
BUT I DID EVERYTHING
I COULD!

I KNOW THAT!
IN YOUR OWN
WAY YOU ARE
FIGHTING FOR
FRANCE TOO!

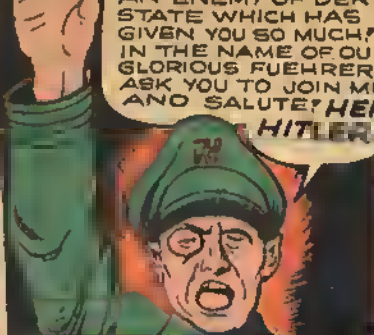
AND SO, TO A MUFFLED BEAT OF DRUMS,
HENRI DELATOUR IS LED TOWARD THE
SCAFFOLD. WHILE UNNOTICED, A HAY
WAGON APPROACHES WITH A SIMPLE
PEASANT IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT. . .

A CROWD GATHERS TO WATCH, SULLEN AND
ANGRY, HELPLESS BEFORE THE
THREAT OF NAZI GUNS!

PEOPLE OF DER NEW
FRANCE! FORTUNATE
PEOPLE!



TODAY YOU WITNESS
DER EXECUTION OF
AN ENEMY OF DER
STATE WHICH HAS
GIVEN YOU SO MUCH?
IN THE NAME OF OUR
GLORIOUS FUEHRER,
ASK YOU TO JOIN ME
AND SALUTE! HEIL
HITLER!



AND THE PEOPLE WAIT,
STARING WITH BLANK EYES,
THEIR FISTS CLENCHED
AT THEIR SIDES.



ACH! DESE
PEASANTS!
VILL DEY NEVER
LEARN! ON WITH
DER EXECUTION!



ANY LAST WORDS,
DELA TOUR?

YES!
LONG
LIVE
LIBERTY!



THEN, FROM
THE CROWD...
A SINGLE
SHOT RINGS
OUT STRAIGHT
AND TRUE TO
THE MARK.

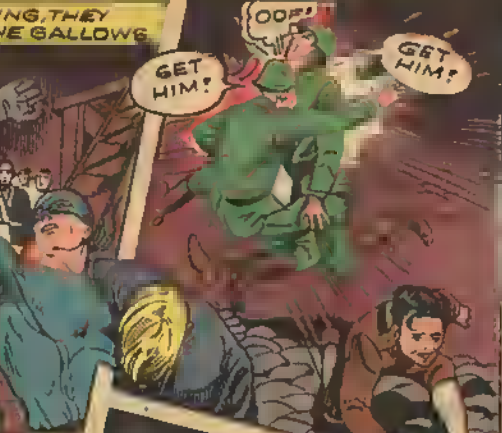
AND THEN, SPREADING PANIC
IN THE NAZI RANKS,
CAPTAIN COMMANDO
AND THE BOY SOLDIERS...



DESPERATELY FIGHTING, THEY SURGE TOWARD THE GALLOWES



A NAZI GUARD TAKES AIM WITH A DEADLY AUTOMATIC GUN.



THE DEVIL SHOULD HAVE A PITCHFORK, MAIS NON?



DURING THE CONFUSION, CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND THE BOY SOLDIERS SEIZE AN OFFICER'S CAR.



AS THE CAR PICKS UP SPEED, A MAN DASHES FROM THE CROWD... THE VICHY GUARD?



NO! OON'T, HE'S A FRIEND!



HURRY! THE NAZIS ARE AFTER US!



A MAD CHASE BEGINS!

BUT, AS THE NAZIS CAREEN AROUND A CURVE...

LOOK OUT!

CRASH!

DUMKOPF!! I'LL HAVE YOU FLOGGED FOR THIS!

BUT, MESSIEUR, I WAS SIMPLY TRYING TO GET OUT OF YOUR WAY!...

ON EVERY HAND THE NAZIS FIND THEIR PURSUIT HINDERED...

HELLO' HELLO' VOTE DER MATTER WITH DER PHONE?

SEND OUT AN ALARM... WIRE EFFERY GUARD STATION TO BE ON DER ALERT!

HURRY! DON'T SIT THERE!

BUT, MESSIEUR THE WIRES ARE DOWN. WE HAD SUCH A HEAVY STORM LAST NIGHT!...

AND IN THE MEANTIME...

CAPTAIN... WE'RE ALMOST THERE!

YOU'RE PLAYING A VERY DANGEROUS ROLE... VICHY SOLDIER AND UNDERGROUND WORKER FOR THE FREE FRENCH?

DANGER IS UNIMPORTANT, M'SIEU... ANYONE OF US WOULD GLADLY GIVE OUR LIFE TO HELP OUR CAUSE AND CRUSH THE NAZI BEAST!

THEY ARRIVE AT THEIR DESTINATION...

LET'S SWING INTO ACTION FELLOWS! WE HAVE TO GET BY THOSE GUARDS AT THE END OF THE PIER!

A FEW FEET FROM THE NAZIS, THE CAR SCREAMS TO A HALT, BEFORE THE SURPRISED GUARDS REALIZE WHAT HAS HAPPENED...

LET'S GO!

YOU TWO OUGHT TO KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER!

ONE!

SECOND!

THIRD!

QUATRE!

DELATOUR WRENDS A RIFLE AWAY, AND FLAYS ABOUT HIM WITH TELLING EFFECT.

AT LAST...

THEY'RE FINISHED, LAOS, AND THAT WAS A FINE PIECE OF WORK, DELATOUR!

THANK YOU, CAPTAIN!

ALL BUT CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND THE VICHY SOLDIER ENTER THE BOAT.

COME ABOARD! WE'VE NO TIME TO WASTE!

I'M GOING TO STAY HERE CAPTAIN! THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE AT HOME! BON JOUR, MY FRIENDS! GOD GO WITH YOU!

AS THE BOAT SPEEDS AWAY FROM SHORE...A FINAL SHOT RINGS OUT...THE VICHY GUARD STAGGERS.

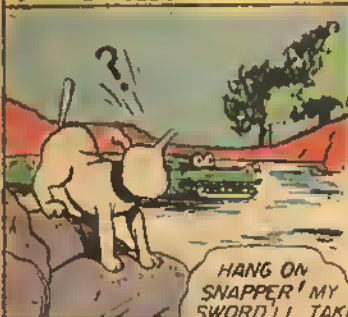
1...1...

IT SEEMS THAT...WHAT I SAID ABOUT DYING FOR MY CAUSE IS PROVEN! BUT I CAN...AT LEAST DIE A FREE MAN! VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE! VIVE LA DEMOCRACIE!

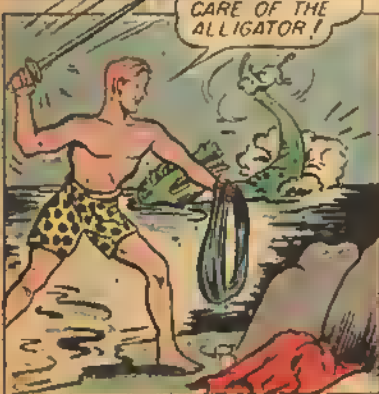
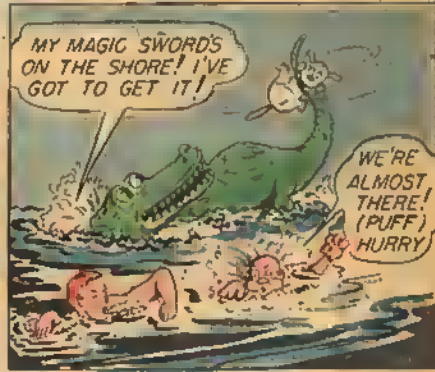
YOU MURDERING HUNG! FOR EVERY MAN THAT FALLS TODAY, A HUNDRED WILL RISE IN HIS PLACE! WE'LL BE BACK!



SUDDENLY, ON THE SHORE
SNAPPER SEES.....



SNAPPER LEAPS TO PROTECT
HIS FRIEND



THE MAGIC SWORD FINDS ITS MARK



BUT THE ALLIGATOR THRASHES
AROUND AND HIS TAIL SLAMS
SNAPPER AGAINST A TREE!



H-HE'S DEAD!
SNAPPERS D-DEAD!
H-HE DIED TRYING
TO SAVE OUR LIVES!

(SOB)
BOO
HOO!

GOOBYE, SNAPPER,
OLO PAL, WE'LL
NEVER FORGET
YOU!

SOB! SOB
YOU BET WE
WON'T!

(SNIFF) IT BREAKS MY HEART
TOO, TO SEE SUCH A BRAVE
OOG DIE!

POOR
SNAPPER!

BOO
HOO

SORROW SPREADS THROUGH THE FOREST....AND
THE ANIMALS BEGIN TO CRY

OH! I OO FEEL SO SORRY. I ONLY WISH THERE WERE
SOME WAY I COULD GIVE HIM BACK TO YOU. BUT I
THINK I KNOW SOMEONE WHO CAN HELP YOU!

WHO, MOTHER
NATURE? WE'LL
GO TO HIM
RIGHT AWAY!

SNIFF

DANNY TELLS
HIS STORY TO MOTHER
NATURE

HERE! WHAT'S
HAPPENING? WHY
ARE ALL MY
SUBJECTS CRYING
THIS WAY?

KUPPIE, IT....
IT'S MOTHER
NATURE!

FATHER TIME, DANNY- AND HE MAY NOT BE SO EASY TO GET TO. HERE- TAKE THIS CAMOUFLAGE ROBE AND ROAD MAP! AND GOOD LUCK!

THANKS, MOTHER NATURE.

THANKS A LOT!

THEY PROCEED THRU THE FOREST

THE MAP SAYS TO CONTINUE ALONG THE TRAIL!

...UNTIL WE SIGHT THE FIERY CAVERNS. AND THERE THEY ARE NOW!

G-GEE, THESE CANYONS LOOK D-DANGEROUS!

CAREFUL, KUPPIE, WE'RE IN THE FIERY CAVERNS NOW!

WATCH YOUR STEP, KUPPIE! THESE LEDGES ARE SLIPPERY

Y-YEAH! AND IT SURE IS WINDY HERE! I'M S-SCARED DANNY!

DON'T BE SCARED KUPPIE. JUST FOLLOW ME!

HEY, GUS, LOOK... DESSERT!

KUPPIE!

GOT YA!

HELP!

UHH! IT'S SO SLIPPERY- I CAN'T GET YOU UP!



HUNGRILY THE FLAMES STAB OUT, FURIOUS AT LOSING THEIR PREY! BUT.....

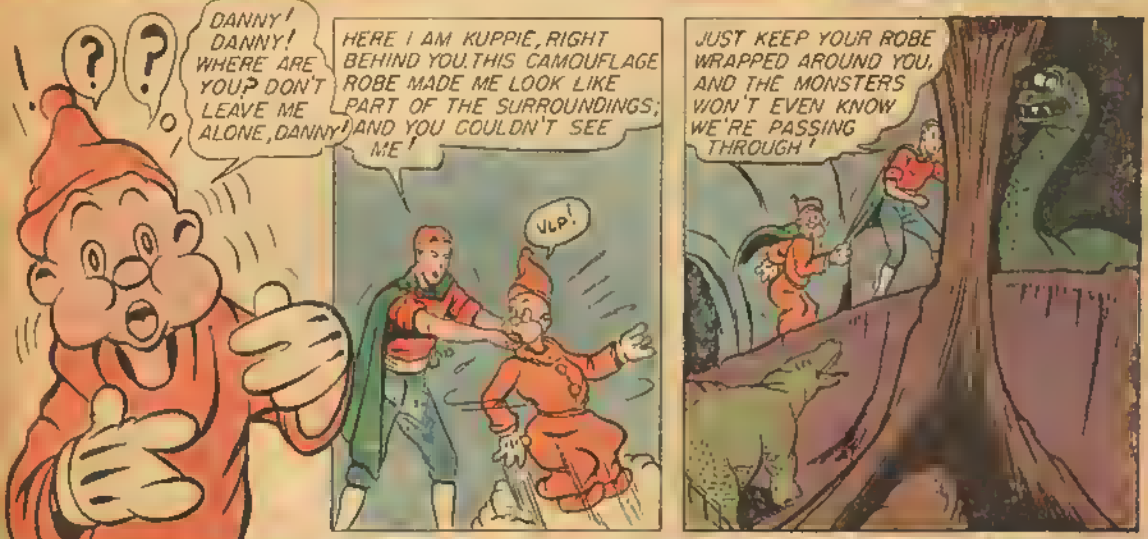
THAT DID IT!

SOME MINUTES LATER.....

ANOTHER CAVE, THIS MUST LEAD TO THE CAVERNS OF THE MONSTERS!

N-NO KIDDING!

I GUESS WE OUGHTA USE THOSE CAMOUFLAGE ROBES MOTHER NATURE GAVE US I'LL SLIP MINE ON NOW, AND.....

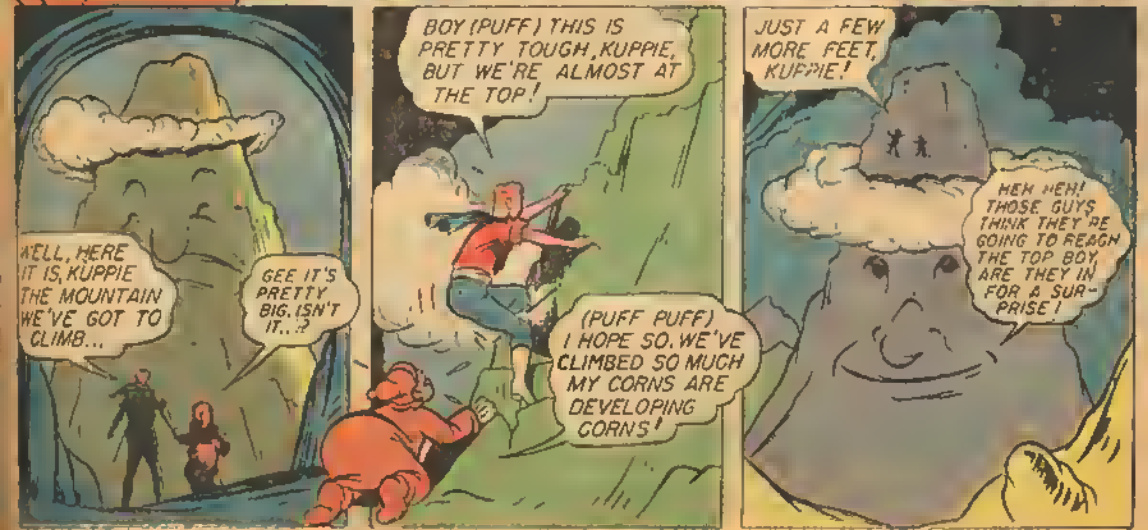


DANNY! DANNY! WHERE ARE YOU? DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE, DANNY!

HERE I AM KUPPIE, RIGHT BEHIND YOU! THIS CAMOUFLAGE ROBE MADE ME LOOK LIKE PART OF THE SURROUNDINGS; AND YOU COULDN'T SEE ME!

VLP!

JUST KEEP YOUR ROBE WRAPPED AROUND YOU, AND THE MONSTERS WON'T EVEN KNOW WE'RE PASSING THROUGH!



WELL, HERE IT IS, KUPPIE IT IS THE MOUNTAIN WE'VE GOT TO CLIMB...

GEE IT'S PRETTY BIG, ISN'T IT...?

BOY (PUFF) THIS IS PRETTY TOUGH, KUPPIE, BUT WE'RE ALMOST AT THE TOP!

(PUFF PUFF) I HOPE SO, WE'VE CLIMBED SO MUCH MY CORNS ARE DEVELOPING CORNS!

JUST A FEW MORE FEET, KUPPIE!

HEH HEH! THOSE GUYS THINK THEY'RE GOING TO REACH THE TOP BOY, ARE THEY IN FOR A SURPRISE!



HEH
HEH!



DANNY!
DID YOU
SEE WHAT
I SAW?

YES!...BUT WE
CAN'T STOP NOW.
KEEP CLIMBING,
KUPPIE!



JUMPING JELLY
BEANS! THE
MOUNTAIN SHOT
UP AGAIN!



S NO USE
KUPPIE WE'RE
LICKED! THIS
MOUNTAIN HAS
NO TOP!

WHAT! AND
AFTER ALL
THIS CLIMBING!



HEE HEE! I SURE
FOOLED 'EM
THAT TIME

C'MON, LET'S
GO DOWN!



SAY, THEY SHOULD HAVE COME
THROUGH THAT CLOUD BY THIS
TIME. WHAT'S HAPPENED TO
THEM? I'D BETTER DUCK UNDER
AND SEE!



IT WORKED KUPPIE! HE
DUCKED UNDER US
JUMP!

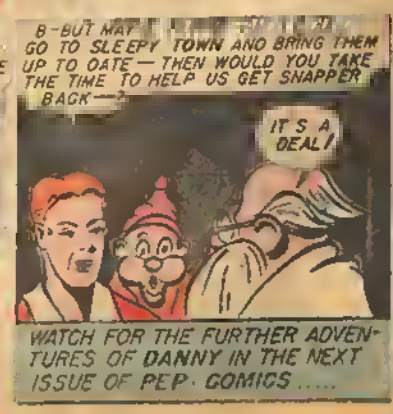
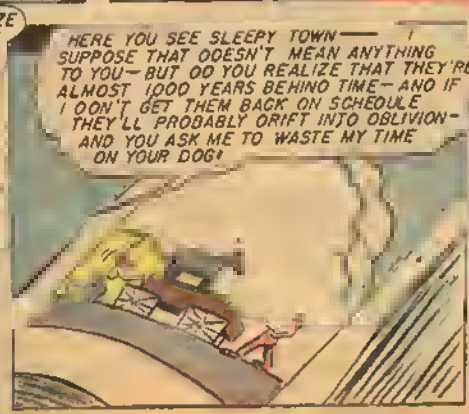
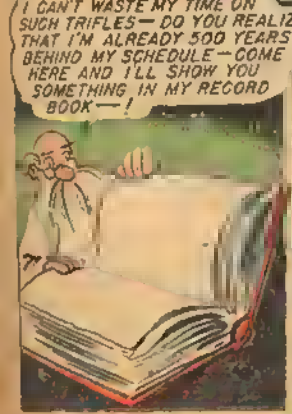
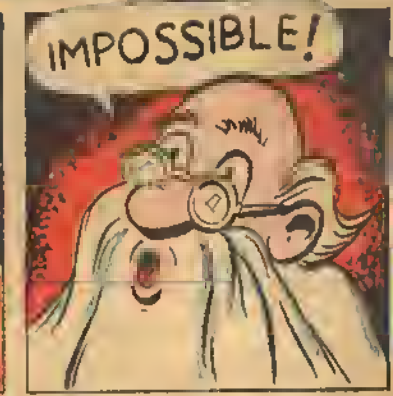
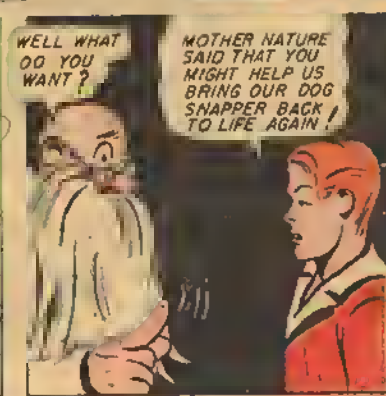
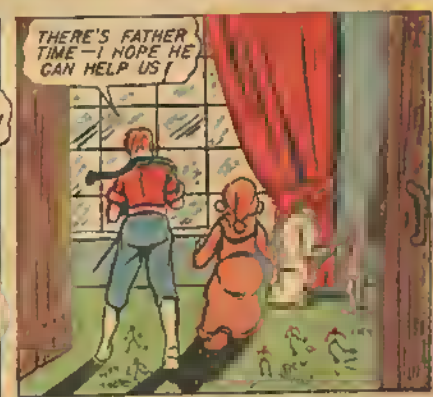
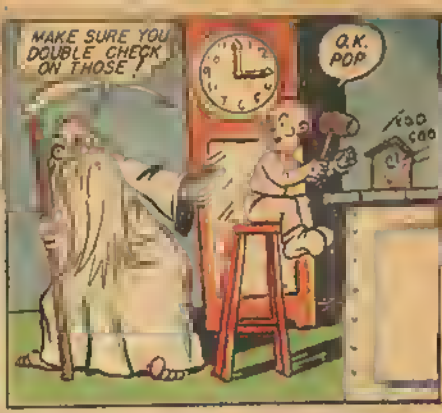
NOT
HERE!



YIPPEE! WE'RE ON
TOP, DANNY!



LOOK AT
THAT TIME
FLYING! THIS
MUST BE
FATHER
TIME'S
CASTLE!



SERGEANT BOYLE

BY
HUBBELL

BACK AND FORTH ACROSS
THE PACIFIC OCEAN STEAMS
AN ENDLESS PROCESSION
OF CONVOYS, CARRYING U.S.
SOLDIERS AND SUPPLIES
TO THE EASTERN FIGHTING
FRONT. AS OUR STORY OPENS
A CONVOY IS ABOUT TO RE-
TURN TO A CALIFORNIA PORT!



SO YOU'RE
REALLY MAKING
THIS TRIP TO
THE STATES?
WHAT A LUCKY
STIFF YOU
ARE!

I WOULDN'T GO IF
THINGS WEREN'T AS
QUIET AS THEY ARE!
BE SEEING YOU IN
A COUPLE OF WEEKS,
ANYWAY!

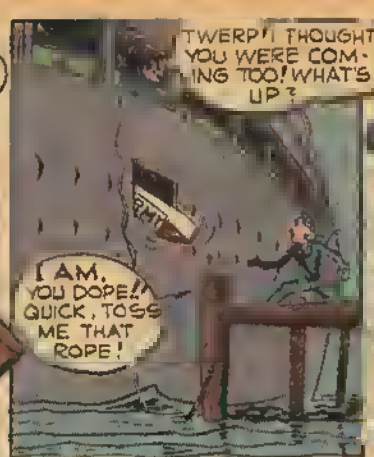
GO LONG,
BOYLE!
HAVE A
GOOD
TRIP!

GO LONG, BOYS,
I'LL GIVE YOUR
REGARDS TO
ALL THOSE
LITTLE BLONDES!



THAT COX-3-
CAB DRIVER! HE
HIT EVERY STOP
LIGHT IN
TOWN!

IF I MISS THIS
BOAT, I'LL PER-
SONALLY MURDER
HIM!



I AM,
YOU DOPE!!
QUICK, TOSS
ME THAT
ROPE!



GOSH!
MADE IT!
WHEW!

WHAT DO YOU
WANT ALL THAT
JUNK FOR? WE'LL
BE BACK IN A
FEW DAYS!



I ONLY B-
ONE OVERCOAT
SARGE. BUT I
FORGOT MY
SWEATER!

WHERE DO YOU
THINK YOU'RE GO-
ING? THE NORTH
POLE? YOU
WON'T NEED
'EM!

FRISCO AT LAST!
WONDER HOW MUCH
TIME WE HAVE?

WHY DON'T
YOU ASK THE
O.C. WHEN
THE NEXT
CONVOY LEAVES?



I CAN'T TELL YOU
JUST WHEN THE NEXT
CONVOY LEAVES FOR
THE EAST, BUT YOU
HAVE AT LEAST
A WEEK!

WELL?
WHAT DID
YOU FIND OUT,
BOYLE?

WE'LL BE STUCK HERE
FOR ANOTHER WEEK, BUT
IF YOU'RE FIXED FOR CASH,
I HAVE AN IDEA HOW WE
CAN HAVE SOME FUN!



NOW THIS IS
SOMETHING LIKE
IT! HOW DO YOU
LIKE THE U.S.
TWERP?

OH, IT'S SWELL!
HEY, LOOK! AN
INDIAN! WAWA
WAWA WAWA!

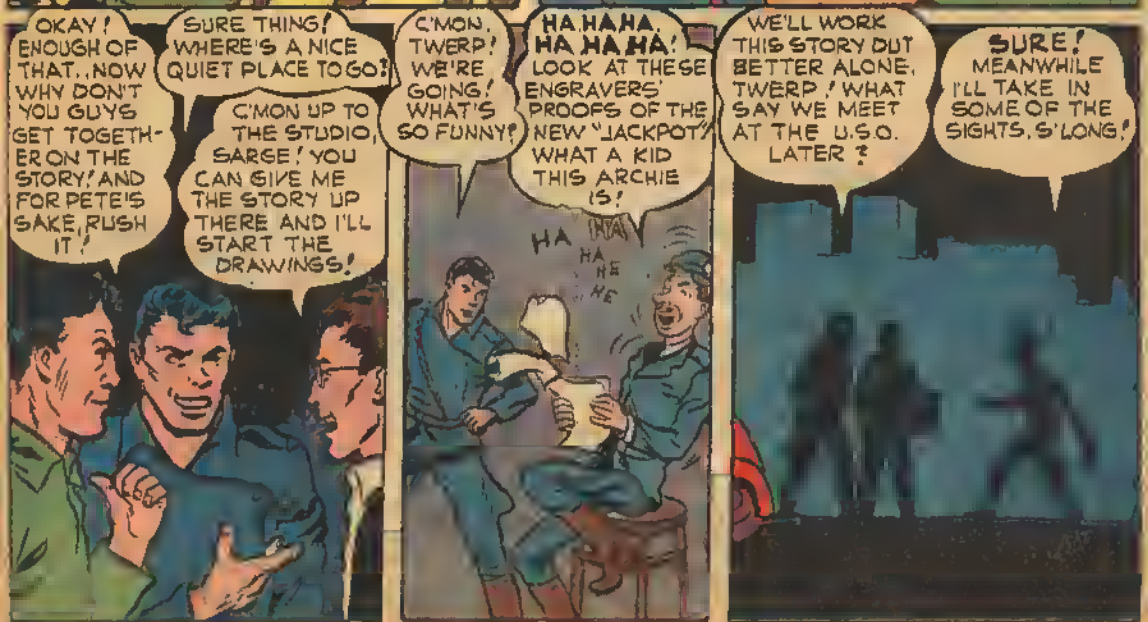
WHOOO
WHOOO

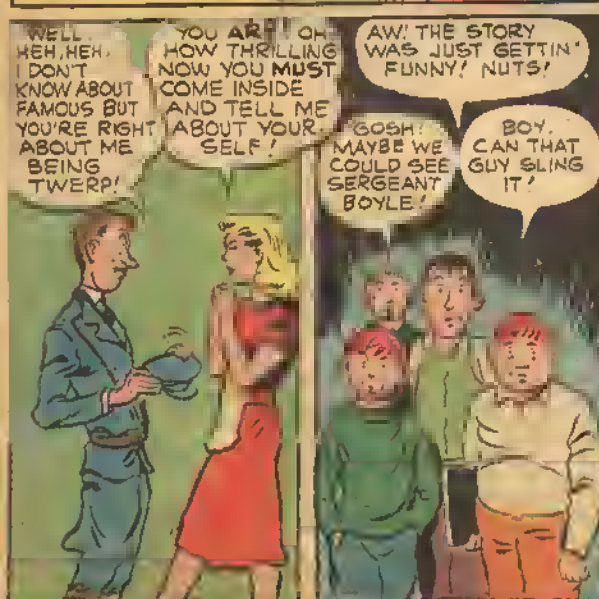
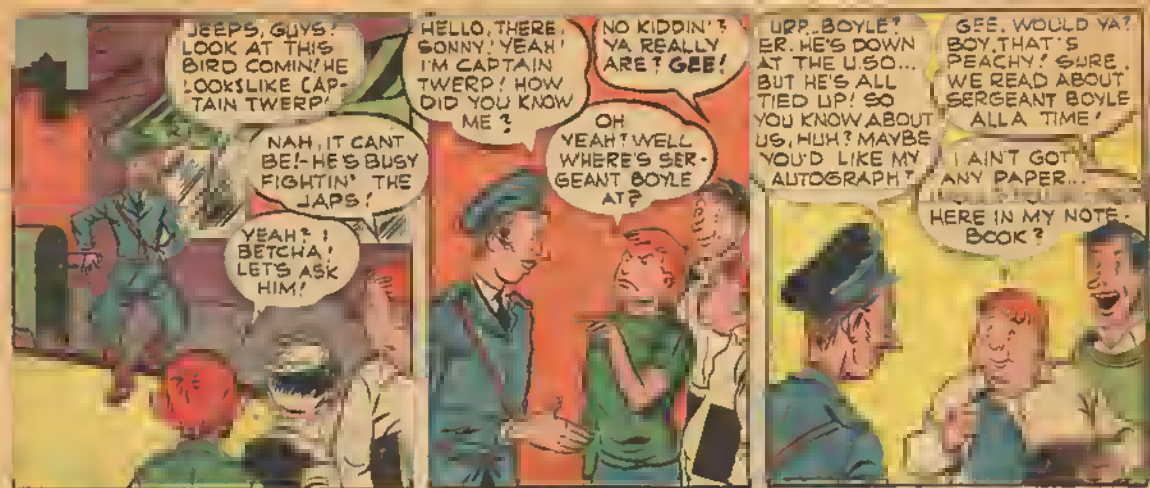


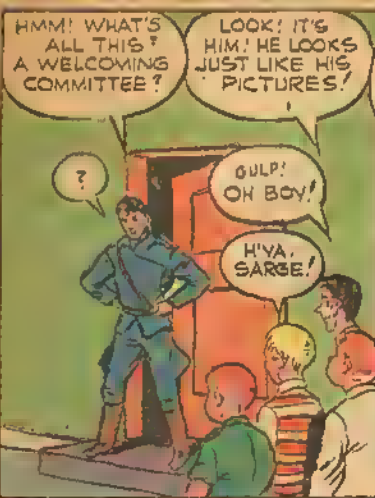
SEVERAL DAYS LATER.

HOLY SMOKE!
L-LOOK, BOYLE,
ARE WE
THERE?

YEP! WE'RE
THERE, TWERP!
NEW YORK, HERE
WE COME!







HMM! WHAT'S ALL THIS? A WELCOMING COMMITTEE?

LOOK! IT'S HIM! HE LOOKS JUST LIKE HIS PICTURES!

GULP! OH BOY!

H'YA, SARGE!



WELL, SAY! I'M REAL GLAD TO KNOW YOU FELLERS! TOO BAD CAPTAIN TWERP ISN'T HERE!

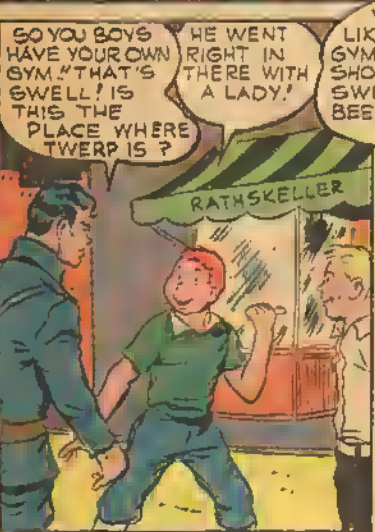
AW! WE SAW HIM ALREADY!

YEAH! HE GIMME HIS AUTOGRAPH ...SEE?



YOU SAW HIM? WHERE WAS HE? HE WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET ME HERE!

YEAH, WE JUST LEFT HIM ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES AGO! WE'LL TAKE YA THERE!



SO YOU BOYS HAVE YOUR OWN GYM? THAT'S SWELL! IS THIS THE PLACE WHERE TWERP IS?

HE WENT RIGHT IN THERE WITH A LADY!



WOULD YA LIKE TO SEE OUR GYM, SARGE? WE'LL SHOW YA SOME SWELL GRIPS WE BEEN PRACTICING!

THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE FIRST FUN I'LL HAVE HAD IN NEW YORK! BE RIGHT OUT!



HMMM! I DON'T SEE HIM!

SAY, BUDDY, DID AN ENGLISH OFFICER WITH A LITTLE MUSTACHE COME IN HERE?

NO!



I'M THE MANAGER! VOT'S ALL THIS SHOUTING?

I'M LOOKING FOR A PAL OF MINE AND I KNOW HE WAS IN HERE SO GIVE OUT!

COME TO MY OFFICE V'E TALK THERE!

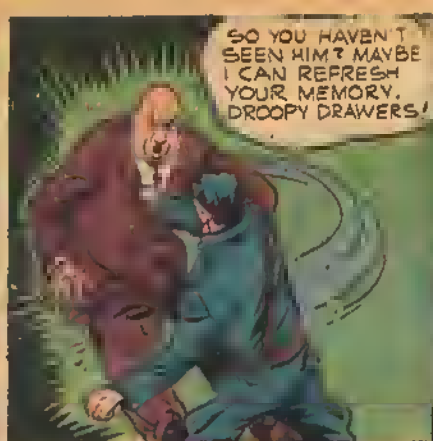


YOU ARE MISTAKEN! ANY FRIEND OF YOURS I WOULD NOT EVEN ALLOW IN MY ESTABLISHMENT, UND DOT INCLUDES YOU! GOODBYE!

OK! O.K! I'LL GO, BUT IF HE DOESN'T TURN UP, I'M COMING BACK!!



I WONDER IF THOSE SMART LITTLE BRATS WERE KIDDING ME ??? WHAT'S THIS?





I'M SELLIN' DEFENSE STAMPS, YA WANNA BUY SOME?

I DON'T WANT ANY! GO AWAY!

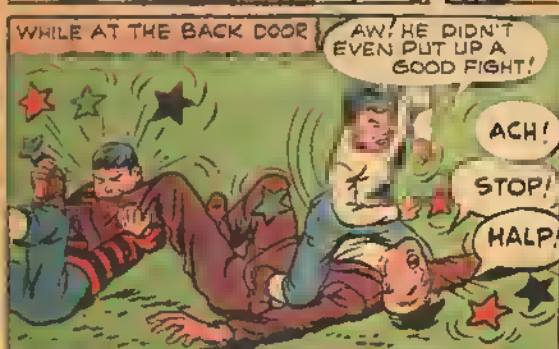


HEAR THAT, FELLAS? HE DOESN'T WANT ANY!

ALLEY OOP!

HEY! YOT ISS!

OH BOY! LEMME AT THE BIG DRIP!



WHILE AT THE BACK DOOR

AW! HE DIDN'T EVEN PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT!

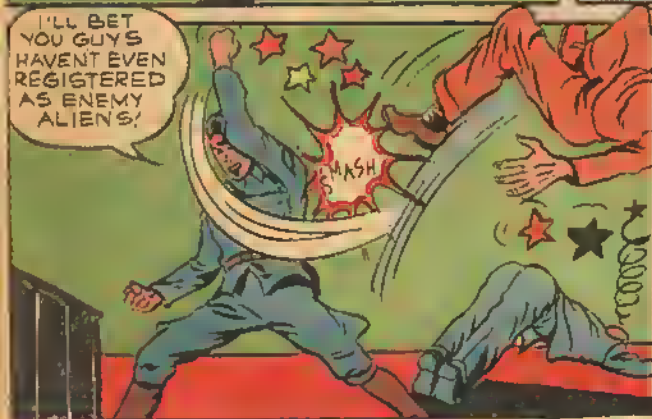
ACH!

STOP!

HALP!

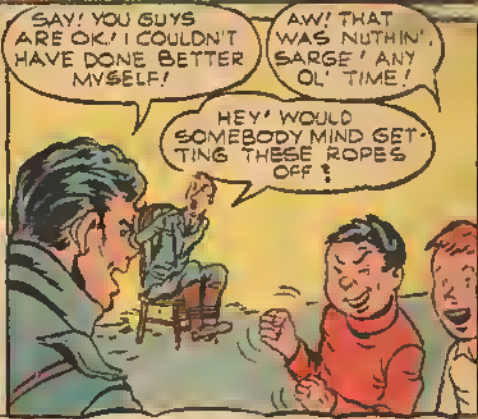


OH, THERE YOU ARE MUSHFACE!



I'LL BET YOU GUYS HAVEN'T EVEN REGISTERED AS ENEMY ALIENS!

WASH



SAY! YOU GUYS ARE OK! I COULDN'T HAVE DONE BETTER MYSELF!

AW! THAT WAS NUTHIN'! SARGE! ANY OL' TIME!

HEY! WOULD SOMEBODY MIND GETTING THESE ROPES OFF?



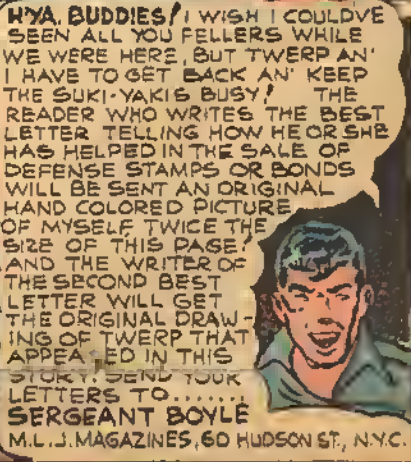
WE COULD'VE HAD A SWELL DOUBLE DATE TONIGHT IF YOU HADN'T GOTTEN MIXED UP WITH THOSE SPIES!

I'M TOO TIRED ANYWAY! DARN! I LOST MY PICTURE!



BOYLE! YOU HAVE IT! WHERE DID YOU GET IT?

MUSTN'T TOUCH, TWERP! THIS PICTURE'S GONNA BE USED IN A CONTEST AFTER WE'RE GONE!



HYA, BUDDIES! I WISH I COULDV'E SEEN ALL YOU FELLERS WHILE WE WERE HERE, BUT TWERP AN' I HAVE TO GET BACK AN' KEEP THE SUKI-YAKIS BUSY! THE READER WHO WRITES THE BEST LETTER TELLING HOW HE OR SHE HAS HELPED IN THE SALE OF DEFENSE STAMPS OR BONDS WILL BE SENT AN ORIGINAL HAND COLORED PICTURE OF MYSELF TWICE THE SIZE OF THIS PAGE, AND THE WRITER OF THE SECOND BEST LETTER WILL GET THE ORIGINAL DRAWING OF TWERP THAT APPEARED IN THIS STORY. SEND YOUR LETTERS TO..... SERGEANT BOYLE M.L.J. MAGAZINES, 60 HUDSON ST., N.Y.C.

MELODIES OF MURDER

A SHIELD STORY

DUSTY grinned as they entered the music shop. "Aw, come on, Joe," he said. "You act as though you're going to have a tooth pulled."

Joe Higgins groaned in mock agony. "It's this way, Dusty," he explained. "I like swing music well enough, but somehow I feel like doing something other than just listening to records tonight. What say we go to a wrestling match, huh?"

Dusty shook his head positively, and led the way down the aisle, past the sheet-music counter, over to the record shelves. "Nothing doing," he said. "I've had my eye on this shop for over a month, and I want to pick up a few new platters to add to my collection."

As they reached the record shelves, the solitary clerk stepped up to them, a professional smile on his thin, weasel-like face. "I was just about to close up," he said. "But I've got to bring my sales report to Mr. Glaubner, the owner, and if you wish to look around for yourselves while I'm upstairs in his office, you're perfectly welcome to do so."

"Thanks," said Dusty. "We'll do that." The clerk nodded and walked upstairs.

Dusty began to pick joyfully through the records. He kept at this for about five minutes, then, he straightened up and shook his head. "Funny," he said. "I thought they'd have a better selection than this. There isn't a single worthwhile platter here. C'mon let's go." He turned to leave, and suddenly swivelled back. "Hey, wait a minute, there's a pile of records behind the counter. I'm going to have a look at them."

He selected several of the top platters and examined them interestedly. "*Sing Sing Sing*, by Benny Goodman. *Tuxedo Jump*, by Erskine Hawkins. *Runnin'*

Wild, by Glenn Miller. I don't own any of these, but I've always wanted to." He turned to Joe. "Switch on the juke, will you, Joe? I want to hear these babies once more before I buy them."

Joe switched on the machine, and Dusty slipped the needle in place. The music began to pour forth. "You can't beat Benny Goodman," Dusty commented. He listened for a moment as the orchestra collaborated on smooth melody, and then he said, "Get this. Here's where Benny himself does a clarinet solo."

He was wrong. The mood of the music suddenly changed, and a saxophone began to bleat. It was a very poor saxophone job, jerky, unmusical.

Dusty almost leaped into the air. "There's something phony here," he said. "I've heard Benny Goodman's version of *Sing Sing Sing* about three hundred times, and I say a clarinet solo should have been played." He paused. "Hold on, let's hear the trumpet, er take off."

There was no trumpet. Instead, a drummer began his beat, pounding the skins in an odd, staccato rhythm.

Joe Higgins had been listening with amazement and sudden understanding etched across his features. "You needn't repeat yourself, Dusty," he said. "There's something phony here, all right, and I think I know what it is."

He snatched up the Benny Goodman record. "Lock that door so that nobody comes in," he said. "We've got some business here."

Dusty quickly followed instructions, and the pair raced up the stairs. At the head of the stairs, they stopped for a moment to remove their outer clothing. . . . and The Shield and Dusty were ready for action!

They burst into the room marked "Office of Hugo Glaubner."

Glaubner was seated behind his desk talking to his clerk. "What is all this?" he demanded.

"I'll tell you what all this is," The Shield clipped out. He placed the Benny Goodman record on Glaubner's desk. "I've just discovered a neat bit of fifth column activity."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Glaubner.

"Don't act, Glaubner," said The Shield. "Millions of phonograph records are shipped yearly to South America. You insert instrumental solos and ship these discs to your agents in South America. They play the real record and the changed record at once, and when a part differs in the changed record, they copy it down Morse code. Glaubner, is easy to send via drum-beats and the playing of a saxophone."

Glaubner's breath hissed through his teeth. "Get them, Fritz," he said softly.

With a lightning-fast motion, he pulled a gun from his desk drawer, and brought it up spitting flame. A bullet bit into the wall.

He didn't fire a second shot. He didn't have a chance. The Shield was on him, fists flashing. Two blows and Glaubner was through.

Dusty had also leaped toward Glaubner, and the clerk, Fritz, took advantage of this. He dashed out of the door and began to run wildly.

Dusty raced after him, and after examining Glaubner to make sure he was really out cold, The Shield followed to help.

But his help wasn't necessary. He found Fritz lying on the floor, unconscious. Dusty had hit him on the head with the pile of faked phonograph records!

"Golly, I should have hit the rat harder," said Dusty. "His being a Nazi is bad enough, but can you imagine the nerve of the guy—cutting out a Benny Goodman solo. It's positively inhuman!"

Archie

by
MONTANA



IT'S THE ANNUAL SWIMMING MEET AT RIVERDALE HIGH AND THE STUDENTS WAIT BREATHLESSLY FOR THE STARTER'S GUN AND THE "SENIOR GIRLS FREE STYLE RACE!" POOR ARCHIE COULDN'T ENTER THE MEET THIS YEAR... A MOTH GOT INTO HIS BATHING SUIT (AND FRANKLY, IT LOOKED BETTER IN IT THAN ARCHIE DOES), BUT THERE'S NOTHING DRAB ABOUT THAT DATE-BAIT ON THE RIGHT! SHE'S VERONICA LODGE BOSTON SUB-DEB AND SHE WON'T HIT THAT WATER HALF AS HARD AS SHE'S HIT ARCHIE!

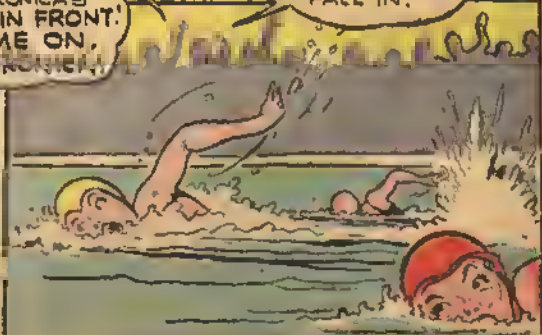
ON
YOUR MARKS!
GET SET!



YIPPEE!
VERONICA'S
OUT IN FRONT!
COME ON,
VERONICA!

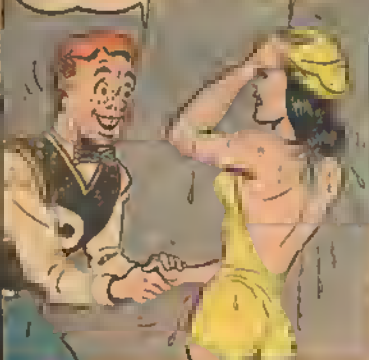
HEY, ARCHIE!
DON'T GET SO
EXCITED! YOU'LL
FALL IN!

BANG



GEE! VERONICA! YOU DID IT! CONGRATULATIONS! I KNEW YOU'D WIN! I KNEW IT!

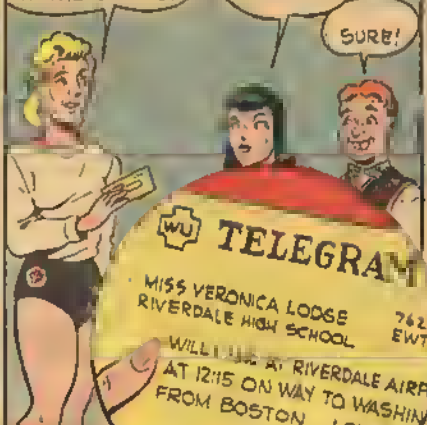
WHY, THANK YOU, ARCHIE, BUT AFTER ALL IT WASN'T THE OLYMPICS!



VERONICA, THIS TELEGRAM JUST CAME FOR YOU AT THE OFFICE!

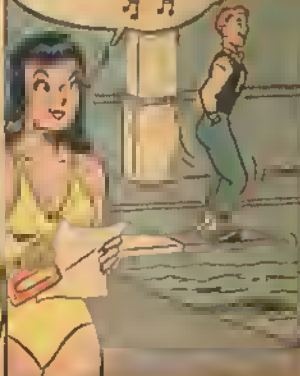
OH, THANK YOU, MISS KING! EXCUSE ME, ARCHIE!

SURE!



WU TELEGRAM
MISS VERONICA LODGE 762 EWT
RIVERDALE HIGH SCHOOL
WILL MEET AT RIVERDALE AIRPORT
AT 12:15 ON WAY TO WASHINGTON
FROM BOSTON LOVE DAD

GOODNESS! WHAT WILL I DO? I'VE JUST GOT TO MEET DEAR DADDY, AND IT'S TWELVE NOW! I HAVEN'T TIME TO CHANGE. MMMM OH ARCHIE!



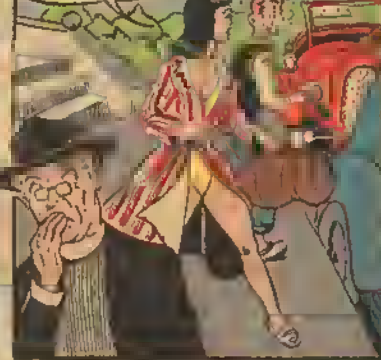
AND I THOUGHT IF YOU'D DRIVE ME TO THE AIRPORT I CAN JUST MAKE IT! I'LL PICK UP MY CLOTHES FROM MY LOCKER NOW!

YOU BET, VERONICA! I'D DO ANYTHING... ER I MEAN, SURE!



NO, ARCHIE, LET'S TAKE MY CAR! IT'S CLOSED AND I CAN CHANGE IN THE BACK WHILE YOU'RE DRIVING!

"GULP"



NOW, NO PEEKING, ARCHIE! KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE ROAD!

"GULP"



HOW DO YOU LIKE DRIVING MY CAR, ARCHIE?

HUH? OH... AH... FINE! FINE! JUST LIKE MINE!



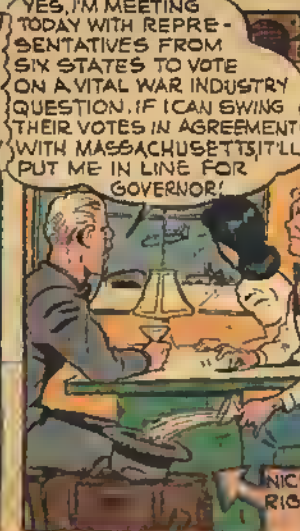
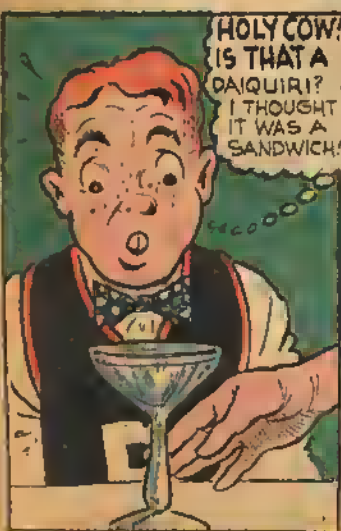
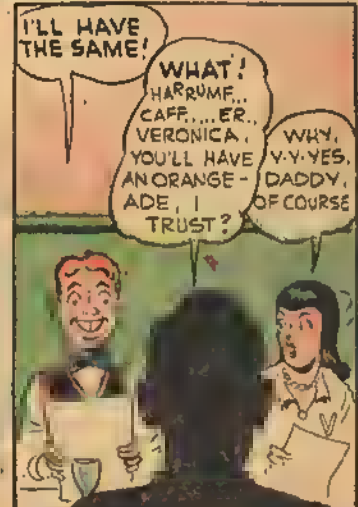
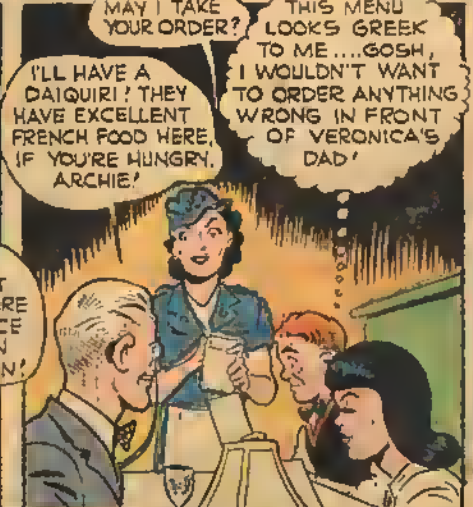
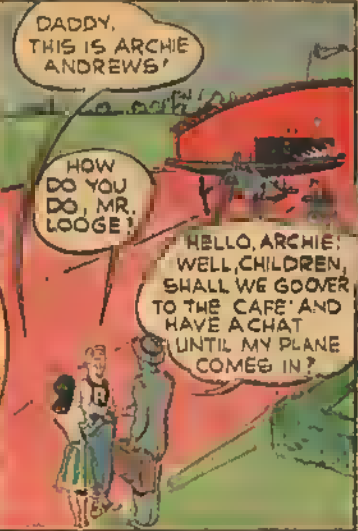
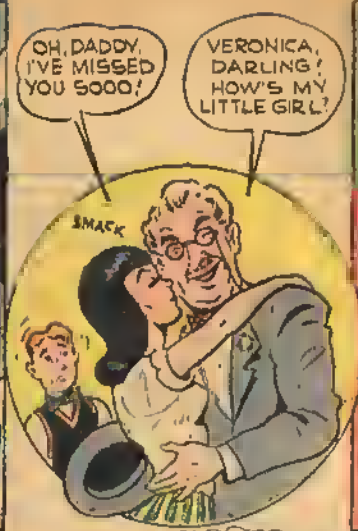
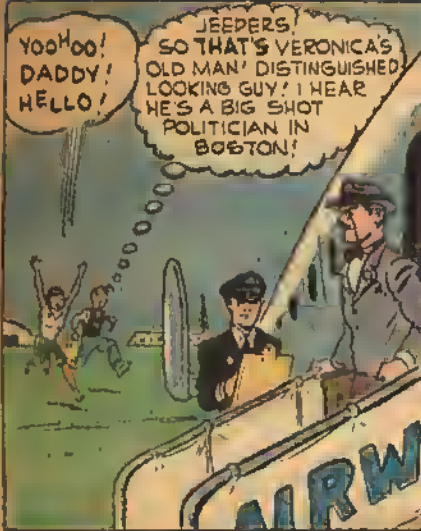
WE MADE IT! THAT'S DADDY'S PLANE COMING IN NOW!



GEE WHIZ! HOW DO YOU DO IT?

OH, A LITTLE TRICK I LEARNED IN AN UPPER BERTH!... LET'S HURRY, ARCHIE!





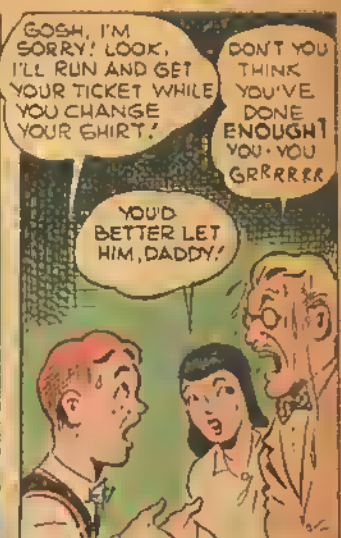


WHAT
IN..!



GRACIOUS!
DADDY, YOU'LL
HAVE TO CHANGE
YOUR SHIRT.

I HAVEN'T TIME!
I HAVE TO PICK
UP MY TICKET
YET! I'LL MISS
MY PLANE!



GOSH, I'M
SORRY! LOOK,
I'LL RUN AND GET
YOUR TICKET WHILE
YOU CHANGE
YOUR SHIRT!

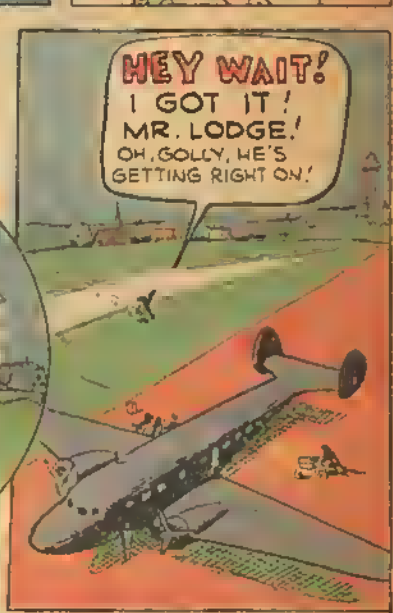
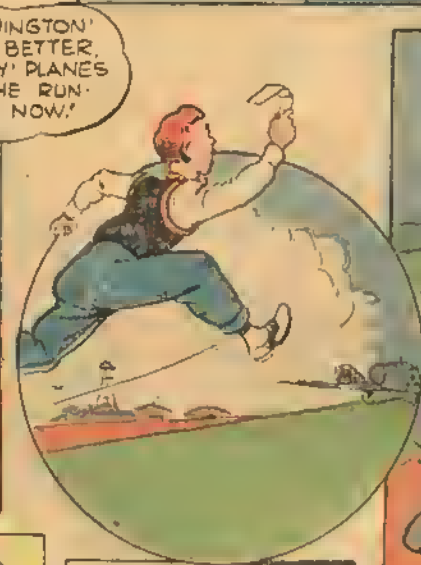
DON'T YOU
THINK
YOU'VE
DONE
ENOUGH!
YOU - YOU
GRRRRRR

YOU'D
BETTER LET
HIM, DADDY!



GIVE ME MR
LODGE'S TICKET
TO WASHINGTON
PLEASE!

WASHINGTON!
YOU'D BETTER
HURRY! PLANES
ON THE RUN-
WAY NOW!



HEY WAIT!
I GOT IT!
MR. LODGE!
OH, GOLLY, HE'S
GETTING RIGHT ON!



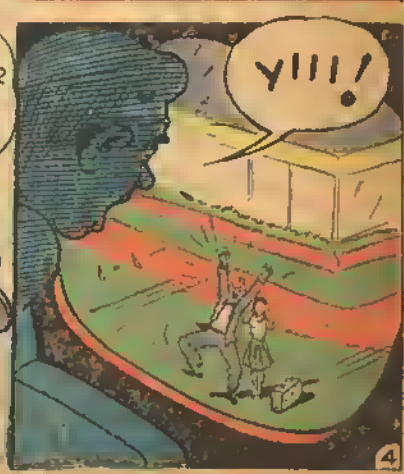
MR. LODGE!

CHECK!
MR LODGE!

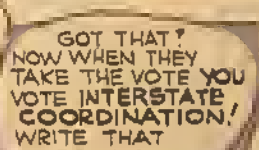
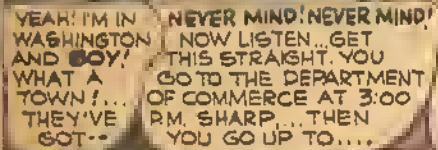
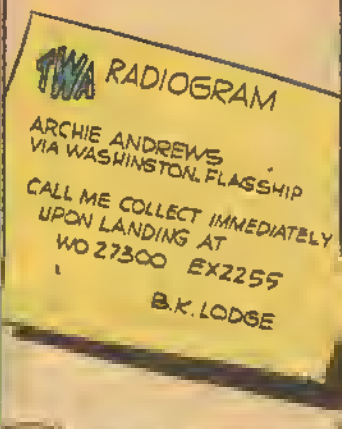


MR LODGE
HERE'S YOUR TICKET
OOOPS SORRY, I
THOUGHT YOU
WERE MR
LODGE!

NOPE!
I'M NOT, AND
YOU'D BETTER
SIT DOWN,
SONNY, WE'RE
TAKING OFF!



YIII!



SENATOR FELDMAN SPEAKS

NOW THAT MR...ER...AH...ANDREWS IS HERE LET'S GET TO THE POINT!

ALL THOSE IN FAVOR OF INDEPENDENT CONCENTRATION RAISE THEIR HANDS!

THAT'S IT! THAT'S WHAT MR LODGE SAID TO VOTE FOR...INDEPENDENT CONCENTRATION!

NOW ALL IN FAVOR OF INTERSTATE COORDINATION!

JEE PERS I THINK THAT'S WHAT HE SAID... INTERSTATE COORDINATION... I WISH I'D WRITTEN IT DOWN! THEY BOTH SOUND ALIKE!

THAT'S FUNNY-I COUNTED FOUR TO FOUR-THAT'S EIGHT HANDS BUT THERE ARE ONLY SEVEN OF US.HM. SOMEBODY VOTED TWICE!

LET'S TRY IT AGAIN-ALL THOSE IN FAVOR OF INDEPENDENT CONCENTRATION RAISE YOUR HAND!

ALL IN FAVOR OF INTERSTATE COORDINATION HMMM! THREE TO THREE-THIS TIME SOMEBODY DIDN'T VOTE AT ALL!

PARDON ME, BUT,MR.ANDREWS...ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE VOTING?

UHP! GOSH...ER...I HAVEN'T MADE UP MY MIND YET!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND!

NOW MY STATE FEELS THAT!

GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN! PLEASE! ONE AT A TIME!

GENTLEMEN, I'M GLAD MR.ANDREWS WAS NOT AS HASTY AS WE WERE IN VOTING, ON RECONSIDERING THE FACTS I'M SURE WE ALL SEE OUR WAY CLEAR,NOW!... SUPPOSE WE CAST ANOTHER BALLOT!

DADDY SAID TO GIVE YOU A BIG KISS! YOU PRACTICALLY PUT HIM IN THE GOVERNOR'S CHAIR!

4 HOURS LATER

AND THAT, MR. ANDREWS, IS WHY YOU SHOULD VOTE INTERSTATE COORDINATION!

GEE, I NEVER LOOKED AT IT THAT WAY!

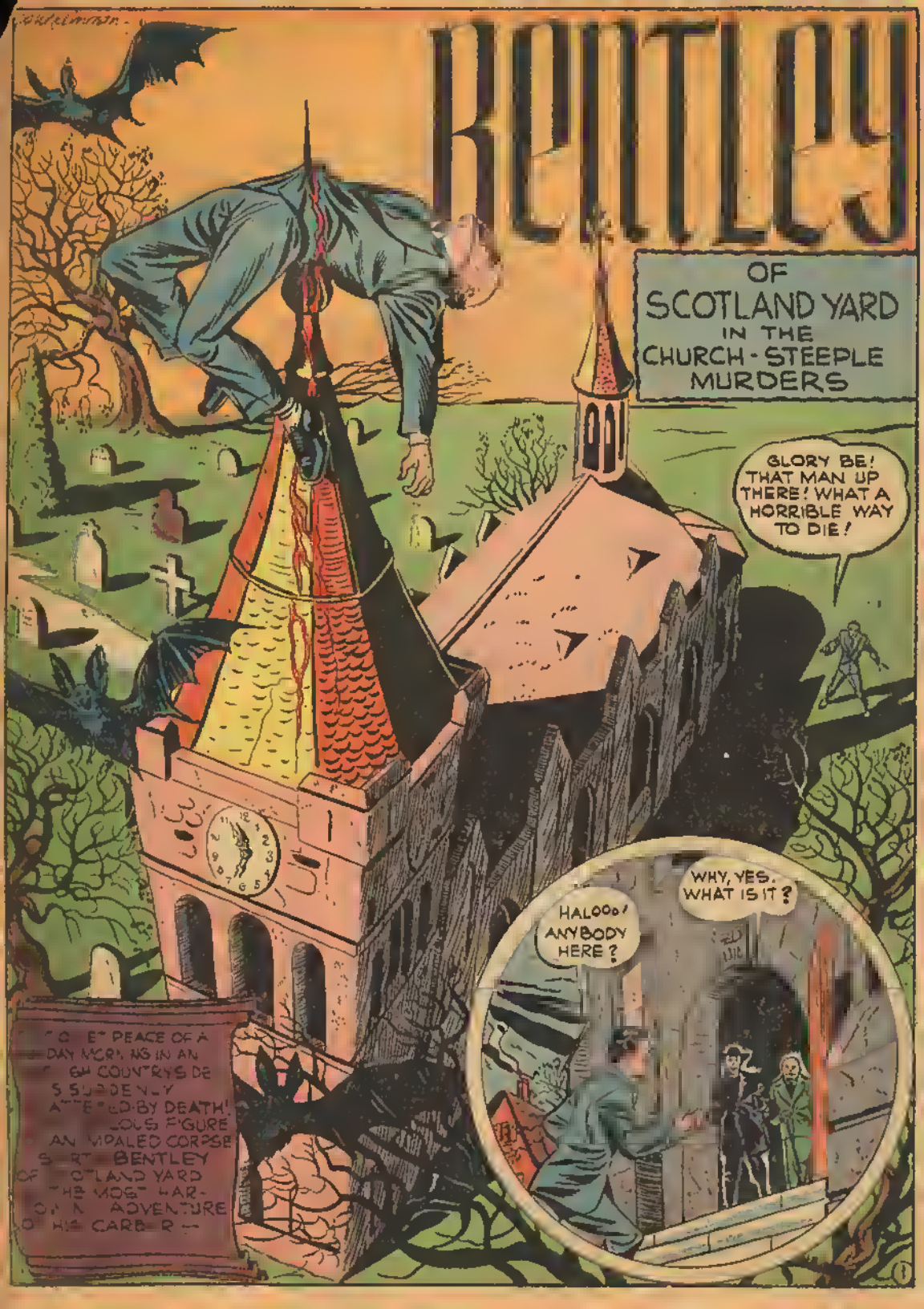
ME NEITHER!

BOSTON GLOBE
LODGE BILL CARRIED UNANIMOUSLY!

VOTE 7 TO 0 FOR-INTER-STATE COORDINATION IN WASH.

BROWN and GOLD RIVERDALE HIGH SCHOOL PAPER
ANDREWS RETURNS FROM WASHINGTON

WELL,ARCHIE'S BATTING 400 WITH VERONICA NOW, BUT WHAT ABOUT BETTY COOPER? FOLLOW ARCHIE IN PEP and JACKPOT COMICS



BENTLEY

OF
SCOTLAND YARD
IN THE
CHURCH - STEEPLE
MURDERS

GLORY BE!
THAT MAN UP
THERE! WHAT A
HORRIBLE WAY
TO DIE!

HALOOO!
ANYBODY
HERE?

WHY, YES.
WHAT IS IT?

GO TO PEACE OF A
DAY MORNING IN AN
ENGLISH COUNTRY DE
S SUDDENLY
ATTENDED BY DEATH!
A LOUSY FIGURE
AN UNPAID CORPSE
SHORT BENTLEY
OF SCOTLAND YARD
HIS MURDER
ON AN ADVENTURE
OF HIS CAREER



I'M THE SEXTON
HERE AND THIS IS
MY BROTHER, DR
TAGG! WHAT'S
THE MATTER?

PLENTY!
HELP ME
FETCH THAT
BODY DOWN
FROM THE
STEEPLE!

GOOD
LORD, SIR! HOW
GHASTLY!

I'VE
NEVER
SEEN ANY-
THING LIKE
THIS BEFORE!

HOLD THE
LADDER
STEADY,
SEXTON.

LOOK AT THOSE
WELTS AND BRUISES!
THIS MAN WAS CLUBBED
BEFORE HE DIED!

SAINTS
ALIVE! I KNOW
HIM!

IT'S JIM CRIVET'S
BUTLER, HARKNESS!
CRIVET IS A PLANE
SPOTTER AND HIS
POST WAS UP IN
THE BELFRY!

CRIVET MIGHT
HAVE DONE IT HIMSELF -
HE'S MEAN AND MISERLY
ENOUGH! HE JUST MARRIED
A LOVELY YOUNG GIRL.
INCIDENTALLY!

BY ALL THAT'S
HOLY - HERE
COMES JIM
CRIVET NOW!

WELL,
SEXTON -
WHAT'S
ALL THIS?
.....A
VILLAGE
MEETING?

MR. CRIVET
I WANT YOU
TO MEET
INSPECTOR
BENTLEY!
A MURDER
HAS BEEN
COMMITTED.

AND AS CRIVET
SPIES THE CORPSE...

BY JOVE! THE BUTLER!
BUT IT CAN'T BE!
I WONDERED WHERE
HARKNESS DIS-
APPEARED TO
LAST NIGHT!

HARKNESS
WAS GOING TO
MEET ME IN THE
BELFRY AT MID-
NIGHT LAST NIGHT!
AT A QUARTER TO
MIDNIGHT I HEARD
THE BELLS TOLL AND
FIFTEEN MINUTES
LATER I WENT UP
AND WAITED! COME
ALONG - I'LL SHOW
YOU WHERE!

SLOWLY THE FOURSOME
ASCENDS THE WINDING
STAIRS WHICH LEADS
TO THE TOWER.

THIS
BENTLEY, IS
THE BELFRY
OF OUR LITTLE
CHURCH!

AND
THAT'S
THE OBSERVATION
WINDOW AT WHICH
HARKNESS WAS
SUPPOSED TO HAVE
MET ME! BUT HE
NEVER SHOWED
UP!

JIM! WHAT ARE
YOU DOING HERE?
YOU PROMISED YOU
WOULDN'T COME UP
WITHOUT THE BUTLER
OR MYSELF! YOU
MIGHT TRIP AND
FALL!

THIS IS MY
WIFE, ANNE.
MR. BENTLEY
SHE ALWAYS
WORRIES
ABOUT
ME!

OH!
ARE YOU
HERE ON A
VACATION?

HMM! I
WAS! DOESN'T
MUCH LOOK AS
THOUGH I'LL
GET ONE
VERY STRANGE
THIS!

DR TAGG, I THINK
I KNOW... HMM!

SHE'S A VERY
SWEET GIRL ALL
RIGHT! WOULDN'T
MIND BEING MAR-
RIED TO HER MY-
SELF!

WELL, NOW THE TWO LOVE BIRDS
HAVE LEFT - MUST ALSO
BE GOING, BENTLEY!
I'VE WORK
TO DO, YOU
KNOW!

LEFT ALONE IN THE
BELFRY, BENTLEY
SUDDENLY SPIES A
CRUMPLED PIECE OF
PAPER

BENTLEY
BENDS DOWN TO
EXAMINE WHAT
MAY BE A VITAL
CLUE... SUDDENLY
THE GREAT BELLS
BEGIN TO RING!

BUT
THESE BELLS
SHOULDN'T BE
RINGING NOW -
UGGGHH!

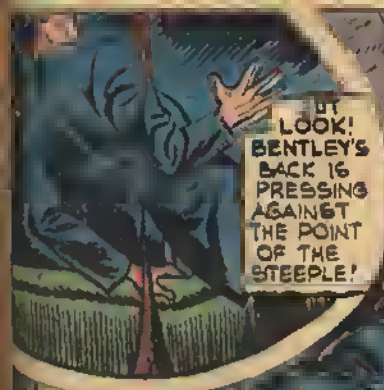
KNOCKED OFF
BY A GLANCE, BENTLEY
FLINGS HIMSELF
DESPERATELY
AT THE CLAP-
PER OF THE
LARGEST
BELL!

GOOD HEAVENS!
I'LL BE CRUSHED
TO DEATH! STOP
RINGING THOSE
BELLS BELOW!

AS THE BELL
SWINGS HIGH,
BENTLEY
LETS GO AND...

LEFT ON THE
PRECARIOUSLY
NARROW PLAT-
FORM...

BOM!



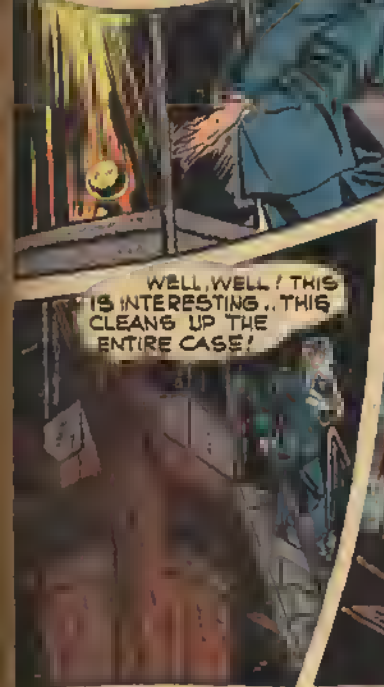
BY
LOOK!
BENTLEY'S
BACK IS
PRESSING
AGAINST
THE POINT
OF THE
STEEPLE!

I UNDERSTAND NOW! THESE
OLD ENGLISH CHURCHES ARE
BUILT SO THE STEEPLES CAN
BE RAISED OR LOWERED....
SOMEBODY KNOWS IT AND IS
REGULATING THIS STEEPLE
FROM THE BELFRY
BELOW!

BY
JOVE!
SOMEONE'S
TRYING TO
KILL ME!



LET'S SEE IF I CAN
MAKE OUT WHO'S
DOWN THERE....
I SAY! WHAT
HAVE WE
HERE?



WELL, WELL! THIS
IS INTERESTING.. THIS
CLEANS UP THE
ENTIRE CASE!



STAND
WHERE YOU
ARE!



ONE OF YOU
FOUR IS SURPRISED TO
SEE ME HERE! ONE OF
YOU HOPED I WAS
DEAD!



I WANT TO TAKE
A LOOK AT EACH
OF YOUR WATCHES!
YOU FIRST, MR.
CRIVET!

THE EXAMINATION OVER...

NOW I'M CONVINCED! I
KNOW WHICH OF YOU IS
THE MURDERER OF
HARKNESS,
THE BUTLER!



BY SHREWD DEDUCTION BENTLEY HAS
GIFTED THE CLUES AND DISCOVERED
THE IDENTITY OF THE MURDERER!

WHO IS IT?

1. JIM CRIVET? 2. DR. TAGG?
3. THE SEXTON? 4. ANNE CRIVET?
MAKE YOUR DECISION BEFORE
YOU TURN THE PAGE!

IT'S YOU, ANNE CRIVET! YOU COMMITTED THE MURDER AND THEN KNOWING I WAS IN THE BELFRY, YOU TRIED TO KILL ME!

TREMBLING UNDER THE ACCUSATION ANNE CRIVET, DASHES PAST THE GATHERING.

UP UP THE LONG WINDING STAIRS...

THEY WON'T GET ME ALIVE!

I'M TOO LATE!

LATER, INSIDE... HERE IS A MARRIAGE LICENSE FOUND IN THE BELFRY. IT FELL FROM HARKNESS' POCKET... IT PROVES THAT ANNE WAS A BIGAMIST - MARRIED TO BOTH OF YOU. THE HARSH TRUTH IS SHE MARRIED YOU FOR YOUR MONEY!

THEY PLANNED TO IMPALE YOU, MR. CRIVET, ON THIS SLIDING STEEPLE - ONLY ONE THING WENT WRONG!

ANNE'S WATCH WAS FIFTEEN MINUTES FAST! YOU TOLD ME YOU HEARD THE CLOCK CHIME AT A QUARTER OF TWELVE LAST NIGHT. ANNE WAS RINGING THE BELLS, KNOWING YOU WOULD BE KNOCKED OFF YOUR FEET...

...AGAINST THIS STEEPLE! YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN IMPALED ON IT, ROBBED OF EVERYTHING - AND IT WOULD HAVE LOOKED LIKE AN ACCIDENT, BUT BECAUSE OF THE IRONY OF FATE, HER WATCH WAS FAST, SHE RANG THE BELLS TOO SOON - AND HER HUSBAND WAS KILLED!



FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT

**Send Coupon
Don't Pay Until Relieved**

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

SEND COUPON

Disease Often Misunderstood

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes buried beneath the outer tissues of the skin.

To obtain relief the medicine to be used must first gently dissolve or remove the outer skin and then kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

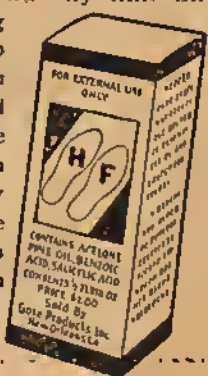
DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It both gently dissolves the skin and then kills the vegetable growth upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed.

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



GORE PRODUCTS, INC.

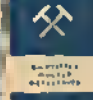
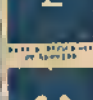
810 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....



Special to the Readers of PEP COMICS A PORTRAIT PICTURE OF **GEN. DOUGLAS MacARTHUR**

To the readers of this magazine we are giving a copy of a portrait picture drawn by a famous American artist of America's number one hero in the Battle of the Pacific. This picture of General MacArthur is 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 inches and is most suitable for framing. This picture can be obtained by reading the instructions below.

FREE!

AMAZING
The COMICSCOPE is a camera PROJECTOR that measures seven inches long, seven inches deep and three inches wide. By attaching it to any electrical lamp or socket which you have at home, AC or DC current, it is ready for use. Any one can operate it easily. All pictures, comic magazine strips, newspaper comics, daily and Sunday newspapers, can be used on "blin" in the COMICSCOPE and flashed on the wall or screen. You can draw your own pictures, make your own "blin" and project them. Now you can take your own Hollywood screen tests by projecting your own and family snapshots. There are no coupons to save, Astorish your friends and win new popularity. Give picture parties, charge admission, make money.



A REAL PROJECTOR
REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE PAT. PEND.
Actual size of the COMICSCOPE is seven inches long, seven inches deep and three inches wide

SCREEN YOUR FAVORITE COMIC CHARACTERS IN FULL COLOR

HOW TO GET YOUR GEN. MacARTHUR PICTURES ABSOLUTELY FREE!!

By simply cutting the coupon or making a facsimile of it, mail together with twenty-five cents in coin, plus a three cent stamp for handling and shipping, and you will receive, absolutely free, about FIFTY pictures of "MEET THE NAVY" together with a GIANT CAMERA COMICSCOPE projector. Everything else included, tube, lens. Act immediately, send the coupon and you will get your pictures and COMICSCOPE, quickly, together with your picture portrait of General Douglas MacArthur suitable for framing.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

M. L. J. MAGAZINES, Inc. DEPT. A
160 West Broadway New York City

Please rush at once the "MEET THE NAVY" series of pictures, absolutely free, and one GIANT CAMERA COMICSCOPE PROJECTOR, for which I am enclosing twenty-five cents in coin and a three cent stamp for handling and shipping. And a copy of a picture portrait, suitable for framing, of Gen. Douglas MacArthur, WITHOUT ANY ADDITIONAL COST.

Name (print clearly)

Address

City State
(Offer good in U.S.A. only. In Canada 5¢ extra)

Not necessary to send coupon — A facsimile will do.